

# VOGUE

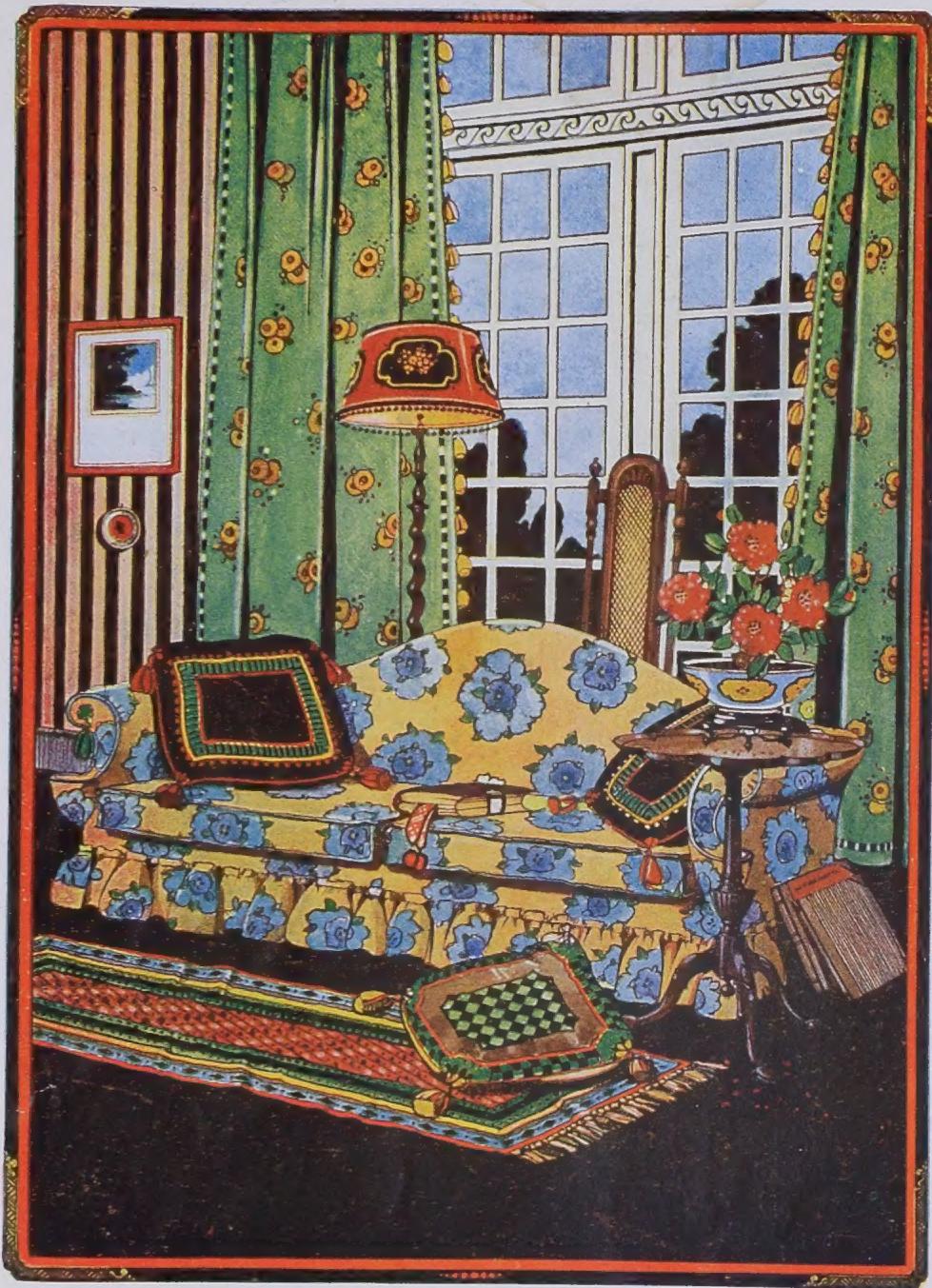


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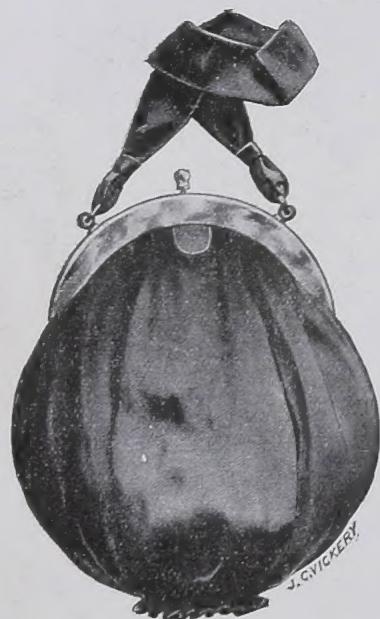
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Late July

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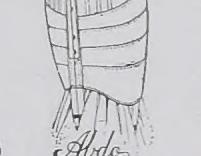
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Knickers to match.

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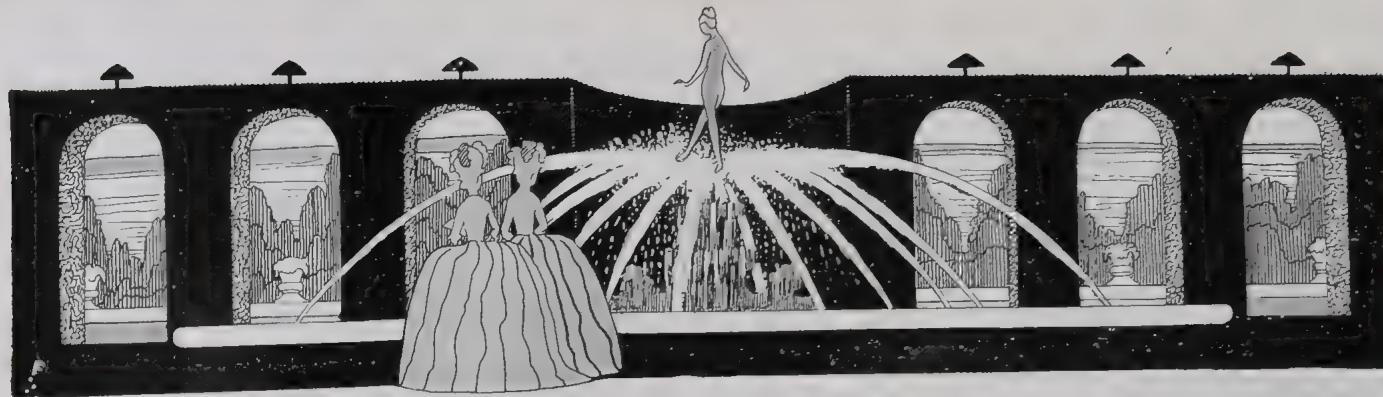
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IN COATS, SKIRTS, AND FUR COATS

These Models will be offered at  
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## The Next Vogue

# THE HOSTESS NUMBER OF VOGUE

FLAG days have come to be almost diurnal events. London looks strangely empty when the great army of flag-sellers with their gay trays and chinking tins have retired to their homes to rest. Our memory refuses to recollect the reason of the flag-day-before-last, but we may be sure there was a reason, and it was a very good one. The number of flag days that have been are nothing to the flag days that will be. For this is the era when charity cloaked in the guise of matinées and bazaars discovers innumerable causes. Since America has joined the Allies it, too, has become infected with this enthusiasm for organizing war charity entertainments. With a wide variety of lantern-hung and tricoloured bazaars, garden-parties, and lawn fêtes, it shows what a patriotic fête can be like. And so that it may be appropriately attired on such occasions Vogue has asked Helen Dryden to make some drawings of patriotic costumes, and these will appear in the next issue of Vogue.

### THE FRENCH WAY

It's true. The French have a way with them, and when they make anything, that has a way with it too. Vogue is going to have a whole article about the uses the French

make of tricolour. They can take good plain British—and French—red, white, and blue, and do things with it that you never thought could be done. Ever since the Revolution, they have used tricolour and its many, many variations (and you know these French variations) for costumes and interiors and in all sorts of places where anyone else would use just some good serviceable colour and call it fair enough.

### THE REVIVED ART OF CANNING

America is reviving that old, but good, thing about "Eat what you can and can what you can't." This may be a little mystifying at first; in fact, we meant it to be, just so we'd have the pleasure of saying that Vogue would explain all in the Early August Number. It's this way: many of the smartest women in New York have been very much interested in "war gardens" and their products, particularly their products, and on the strength of it they have found out all sorts of scientific and successful ways of preserving vegetables and fruit and all the treasures that the war garden knows. And then some of them got so enthusiastic about it that they got them a special train, a "Canning Special" they called it, and went about the country giving some very

amusing and helpful lectures to the people who live where the really professional vegetable gardens grow. Since then, many a smart country home has aspired to a war garden and there will be, no doubt, a fervent desire on the part of many a proud amateur agriculture economist to preserve what she raised that posterity (next winter) may behold and consume, themselves consumed with envy. Vogue has found out a great deal about the graceful art of canning and can hardly wait until the next issue to tell about it.

### THE DINNER-TABLE ACTIVE AND DORMANT

Entertaining for the moment is somewhat curtailed, and bowing to the stern censor whose foresight wisely restricts her dinners, every hostess is driving her household with a tight rein. But she can still indulge her taste in the arrangement of her dinner-table, and study new and charming ways of decoration. The next issue of Vogue will contain articles bearing on this subject. There will be some lovely photographs and sketches depicting new things which might be done in the dining-room, not only when it is in active service but when it is resting between dinners. These will be specially applicable to those interested in their country homes.

VOL. 50: NO. 2

Cover Design by Rita Senger

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Portrait by Hugh Cecil

#### L A D Y   G L E N C O N N E R

Lady Glenconner, whose eldest son, a lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards, was killed in action last year, is connected with the present Lord Leconfield. Her father, the late Captain the Hon. Percy Scawen Wyndham, being the third son of the first baron. Of the three sons living, the Hon. Christopher Tennant is the eldest. He entered the Royal Navy and became a midshipman in 1914



## PARIS BUILDS FASHIONS IN SPAIN

There Are Troops in Paris, but No Tea; There Are  
Gay Gowns Made in Paris, but in the Main They Are Not  
For Frenchwomen, but for the Fair Favour of Spanish  
Señoritas of Madrid—Frenchwomen Prefer Sober Colours

REAL sunshine at last—whole days of miraculous sunshine with hardly a tiny cloud on the horizon. Until a few weeks ago a day of sunshine was an event in Paris; we had grown used to dullness and cold. "C'est la guerre," we said laconically—the war, which has set the clock back for centuries, which has turned the world topsy-turvy and has apparently started the elements themselves on the war path. Nothing is as it used to be. It is the war.

May day, however, was much the same as other well-remembered May days, except for a woeful lack of *muguet* in the streets and a sad over-abundance of swiftly moving ambulances. Many of the ambulances are driven by women in neat military costumes of blue or khaki with *casquette* and boots, complete. Very business-like—warlike, if you will—are these short-skirted khaki uniforms; the jackets are modelled on the lines of the British army jacket, with leather boots and belt of the most approved military pattern. And very businesslike are their wearers, who go about their work with serious faces, intent on service.

### THE TEA FAMINE

And now, indeed, consternation reigns in Paris! No more tea, no more cakes may be served in the tea-rooms until such time as the Government may elect. No tea in the Bois of a summer afternoon,—no ices, no lemon squash. The Ritz garden minus its birdlike chatter at the tea-hour on warm days. Rumpelmayer's without cakes—verily, it is a changed world.

More and more Paris is devoting itself to war work. American residents, now that the States have gone in, are busily planning work in connexion with the welcome arrival of United States troops on French soil. More hospitals, more ambulances, more of all the sad paraphernalia of war are to be arranged for and put into effective operation. This, in addition to the recent French offensive, which has occupied the attention of the capital for some weeks, has contributed greatly to the dullness of the city. Parisians seek distraction at the theatres and cinemas, but there are no frocks, no frivolities, and there is little gaiety of any sort.

An event of importance was the production of Paul Géraldy's play, "*Les Noces d'Argent*," at the Comédie-Française. The inevitable tragedies of every-day life, portrayed with minute fidelity by Géraldy and presented faithfully by the artists of the Comédie-Française, produced a most unusual effect upon the great audience on the afternoon of the *répétition générale*. Instead of being moved to enthusiastic applause—not that applause was lacking, however—this audience was rendered thoughtful, introspective.



When in the course of Paris events, French muslin becomes embroidered—and has a rose-coloured lining of liberty mousseline and a rose satin girdle—then, all nations capitulate



We have good reason to envy Madrid her Paris exhibition. This mauve tulle frock with its black tulle tunic, was one of those reasons; the dots at the edge were for emphasis



*A hat that casts those interesting shadows is of black straw faced with black satin and tied with a narrow bit of black satin*

*It's in Géraldy's play, "Les Noces d'Argent," that Berthe Cerny appears in this red frock with a grey girdle, one low-grey rever, all embroidered, and little grey tassels that drip from its cuffs*



*"Les Noces d'Argent" is a huge success,—well, you see, in it. Emilienne Dux wears this gown of grey-beige mousse-line de soie with glistening gunmetal palettes and one big grey mousse-line rose*



M. Géraldy should be much pleased by the reception of his play. One admires the courage of the author in thus holding up the mirror to his public; for although he has chosen to record the woes of a middle-class household, the story is, in effect, true of every family—the disappointments, the horrors of monotony, and the sad results of a limited environment.

Emilienne Dux, as Mme. Hamelin, played with infinite delicacy a very difficult rôle. One of her frocks is sketched on this page. Huguette Duflos, as Jeanne, was frocked in ravishing fashion by Doucet; the delicate rose mousse-line frock and large light green hat which she wore as a maid of honour, in the first act, were especially becoming to her blonde beauty. Mlle. Valpreux, as Suzanne, appeared in the frocks on page 18 by Berthe Hermance. The cast included Mlle. Berthe Cerny and Mlle. Lherbay. M. Léon Bernard, M. René Rocher, and M. Maurice Varny.

#### ON THE PARIS STAGE

Théâtre Femina, in the Avenue des Champs-Elysées, recently opened its doors with a revue, presented by Mme. Rasimi, in which Mistinguett in wonderful eccentric costumes and Chevalier, with his smile, were the principal attractions. Costumed with all Mme. Rasimi's lavishness is this revue, which Parisians find tremendously amusing. The disrobing scene, which usually takes place on the stage, is here transferred to the *salle*, and Mlle. Mistinguett slips out of her tailored frock and into her stage costume among the orchestra chairs with as much ease as if she were in her boudoir. And seeing her costumes compensates one for walking home—for the chances are even that one will walk home after the performance; taxis are almost extinct. At the moment, we are also interested in the Russian Ballet at the Chatelet, with new costumes, new decorations, and music by Scarlatti and Stravinsky.

In the world of dress, the frocks designed for the Exposition at Madrid, some of which are sketched in these pages, represent the fashion of the moment. The line continues straight, the waist-line is still vague, and the sleeves are either long or, as in the case of some of the most recent models for hot days, very short. In fact, one of the newest hot-weather frocks is nothing but a round-necked chemise, with sleeves which extend only to the middle of the upper arm. Sleeves, in general, are long and close-fitting at the wrist, although here and there one sees a



*Its designer thought it was really too good to keep, so it was sent to the Madrid Exposition. It's a glistening thing of steel lamé tissue shining through cloudy draperies of white tulle*

long sleeve which is quite straight from shoulder to wrist and wide at the hand.

For Madrid, Callot has made a very fetching coat of mauve taffeta, which is worn over a frock of mauve tulle partially veiled with black tulle. The frock is sketched at the right on page 11. The coat is flounced from the hips and is girdled above with a narrow fold of mauve taffeta; the flounce and girdle form a most interesting line. Not new and yet very new is this line from shoulder to hip. It is shown again by Dœuillet in one of the models destined for Madrid. In effect, the line of the bodice runs from shoulder to hip, while the waist-line is suggested only by a seam. Exceedingly pretty is this Dœuillet model, which is pleasing not only the fair ladies of Spain but Parisians also.

The vogue of the "chemise" continues. We shall wear the chemise, without doubt, all the rest of our lives, and—isn't it a matter of record that the angels wear chemises? Clad like the angels we shall be for months to come. The newest Lanvin chemise frock, fashioned for Madrid and sketched at the lower right on page 13, is made of black satin embroidered with blue and black tubular beads. These beads are rather new in shape, for they are somewhat thick and short, rather than long and slender, and these form vivid lines and spots of colour on the shimmering black. Over this frock, Mme. Lanvin places a cloak of vivid blue satin with a very odd cape-collar of cashmere in soft oriental colours, embroidered again with gold thread. To cap the climax, as it were, there is a small turban of gold tissue, very round and compact in line, but very smart. The costume is sketched in the middle at the bottom of page 13.

#### FOR THE SPANISH EXPOSITION

A child's frock by Lanvin, created also for Madrid, is of black satin with a dashing little bolero of cream-coloured embroidery, studded across the front with bright blue woolen pompons. The accompanying hat is garlanded with similar pompons. It is sketched at the top of page 13.

One of the frocks designed by Callot Sœurs for the Exposition at Madrid will command itself to many by reason of its delicacy and colour—or rather, its lack of colour. White is this frock—sheerest white muslin, which bears a tracery



This suit was one of the most interesting events in the Bois—chequered things, whether careers or costumes, are always absorbing



It may be small and youthful and all that, but it represented its country at the Madrid Exposition



Mlle. Mure isn't one of those leopard-women that we read so much about. She can change her chic spots whenever she pleases



FOUR MODELS BY LANVIN



It went to Madrid, but it acquired that Spanish air in Paris. The cape is of blue satin and cashmere, and the turban is of gold tissue



A black satin frock was the foundation for many black and blue beads,—strange beads, they were, tubular and rather thick. It all went on under that cape and turban just to the left

One of the things that Lanvin sent to Madrid to tempt the Spanish women was a frock all cream tulle, cream lace, and pink ribbons, dotted with pink, blue, and mauve silk roses



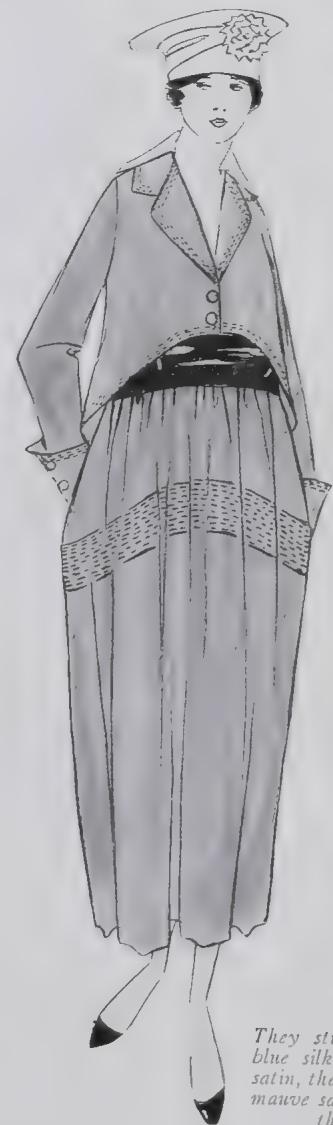
This Madrid Exposition gown was true to the dignity of the house from which it came. It is white charmeuse, rose mouseline, silver lace, and a lamé tissue train



When Miss Henderson isn't posing with this equine acquaintance of hers, she does a bit of exploring,—that's her favourite outdoor sport



Of course it was sent to the Madrid Exposition. What designer could keep to himself a thing of pale rose mouseline, paler grey satin, and rose ribbons?



They stitched sky blue tussore with blue silk, they girdled it with black satin, they lined its little pockets with mauve satin, and then they sent it to the Madrid Exposition

FIVE MODELS BY WORTH



This blouse of pale blue Georgette crépe is embroidered with cyclets of pale blue silk and laced with corbeau blue ribbons.—Worth evidently believes in cultivating the waist places



The Madrid Exposition was the more brilliant for a gown of salmon mouseline sparkling with rhinestones. The front of the skirt is of salmon satin and salmon-coloured lace



This chemise of rose voile de soie begins nicely with shoulder-straps of rose ribbon; later on it acquires lace and much more rose ribbon, as a belt

of the most delicate embroidery and is enriched with insertions of lace. The tunic falls over an underskirt of transparent rose mouseline edged with a five-inch band of lace, and the sleeves, finished with a similar band of lace, extend only to the middle of the forearm. The frock is sketched at the left on page 11.

Premet has sent to the exposition at Madrid a number of striking frocks, one of which is sketched next to the right at the bottom of this page. The chemise-tunic of pleated black satin is topped with red and white foulard and girdled loosely with a wide foulard-lined length of black satin, which is knotted on the right side at the hip. Very rich is a Premet frock of corbeau blue satin, destined also for Spain. The chemise-tunic is richly embroidered with gold thread, and the knotted girdle is very narrow. The line at the throat, straight across from shoulder to shoulder, is oddly smart. It appears next to the lower left on this page. The Maison Worth also has sent a representative collection to Madrid—both the stately robes for which the house of Worth is famous, and also a number of dainty, youthful creations, which, by contrast, are all the more frivolous. Sketched on page 14 are a number of the Worth gowns which, they say, are turning all the feminine heads in Spain.

#### THE NEW DŒUILLET BLOUSE

It is now the rule that everyone must wear the Dœillet blouse. Made of Georgette crêpe is this blouse, in flamingo red embroidered with grey, in yellow embroidered with vivid blue, or in grey embroidered with white. The line at the neck is straight from shoulder to shoulder, the sleeves are long, easily fitting, and tight at the



When these pale blue ribbons wander effectively around a combination made of white linon with an appliquéd of white lace and embroidery, they interest

#### MODELS BY PREMET



A frock of beige pongee and blue moire announces that its maker has found a new neck-line. The sleeves are long and close-cuffed

Notable among the frocks which this house sent to the Madrid Exposition was this gold-embroidered crow blue satin

It is clear that we are to wear the chemise for the rest of our lives. Black satin and red and white foulard make it Spanish

The new neck-line finds full expression in this Exposition frock of black moire, tulle, and satin, with a blue and a coral butterfly



PAQUIN

*The short frock with a long train or two is yet to be displaced in fashion's favour. This gown of almond green tulle embroidered with crystal beads and ornamented with jet was a member of that gay band which went to win the smiles of the Spanish señoritas at Madrid*

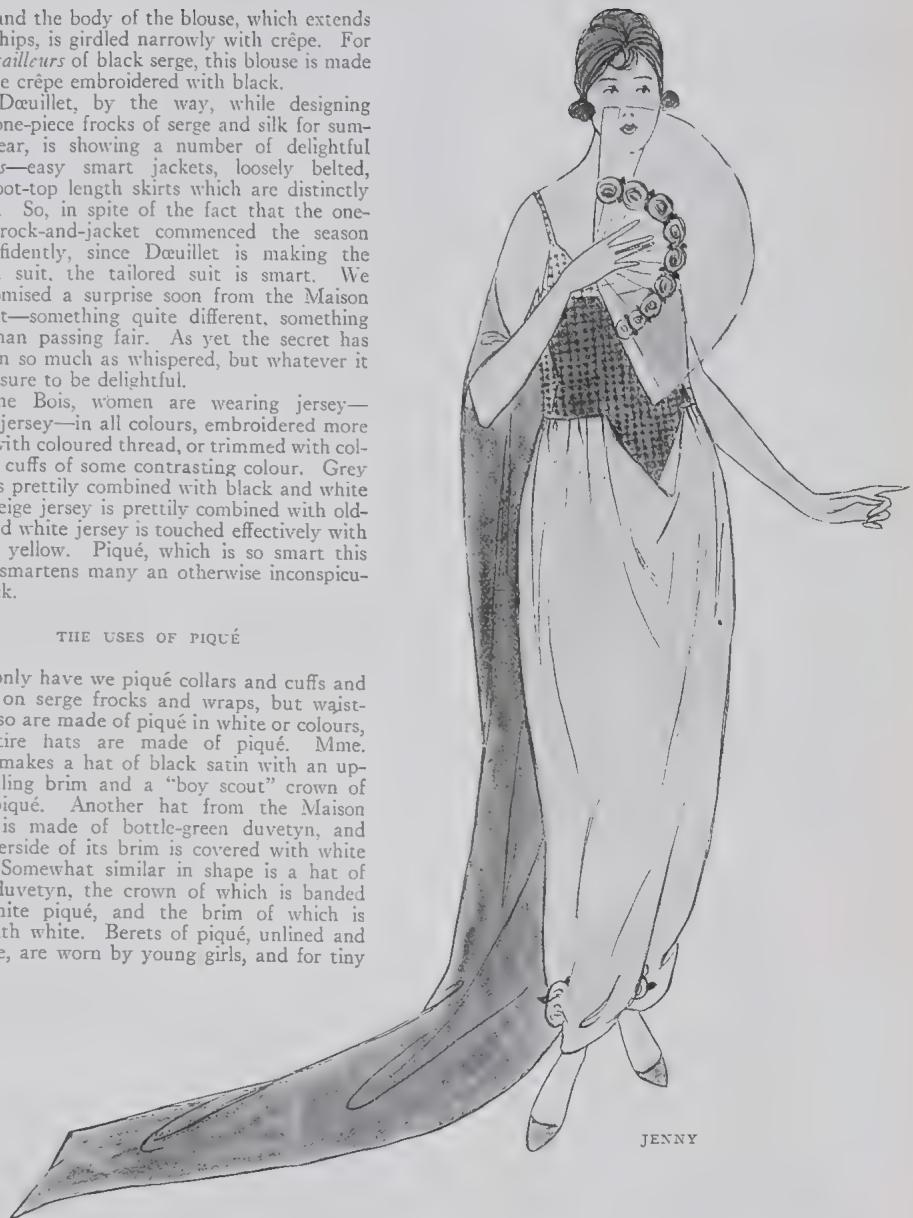
wrist, and the body of the blouse, which extends to the hips, is girdled narrowly with crêpe. For smart *tailleurs* of black serge, this blouse is made of white crêpe embroidered with black.

M. Dœuillet, by the way, while designing many one-piece frocks of serge and silk for summer wear, is showing a number of delightful *tailleurs*—easy smart jackets, loosely belted, over boot-top length skirts which are distinctly narrow. So, in spite of the fact that the one-piece frock-and-jacket commenced the season so confidently, since Dœuillet is making the tailored suit, the tailored suit is smart. We are promised a surprise soon from the Maison Dœuillet—something quite different, something more than passing fair. As yet the secret has not been so much as whispered, but whatever it is, it is sure to be delightful.

In the Bois, women are wearing jersey—always jersey—in all colours, embroidered more or less with coloured thread, or trimmed with collar and cuffs of some contrasting colour. Grey jersey is prettily combined with black and white plaid, beige jersey is prettily combined with old-blue, and white jersey is touched effectively with grey or yellow. Piqué, which is so smart this season, smartens many an otherwise inconspicuous frock.

#### THE USES OF PIQUÉ

Not only have we piqué collars and cuffs and pipings on serge frocks and wraps, but waist-coats also are made of piqué in white or colours, and entire hats are made of piqué. Mme. Hamar makes a hat of black satin with an upward-rolling brim and a "boy scout" crown of white piqué. Another hat from the Maison Hamar is made of bottle-green duvetyn, and the underside of its brim is covered with white piqué. Somewhat similar in shape is a hat of yellow duvetyn, the crown of which is banded with white piqué, and the brim of which is faced with white. Berets of piqué, unlined and washable, are worn by young girls, and for tiny



JENNY

*Jenny loves to attach skirts to our unprotesting ankles; she does it again with this skirt of rose satin. The corsage of old-blue satin is veiled with tulle, twinkling with rhinestones, and a blue tulle train floats from the shoulders. Yes, it went to Madrid with the others*



PAQUIN

*The designers are so devoted to black satin, these days, that they can think of scarcely anything else. And one really can't be surprised at their devotion, when black satin can be embroidered with red beads, girdled with red beads, and turned into a thing of beauty like this*



MARTIAL ET ARMAND

*Its neck-line is arresting, we admit, but that's not the only arresting thing about it, by any means. It has a rose silk jersey skirt, its bodice is of rose mouseline, and its embroidery is blue and black,—oh, it's a frock that has had a great many interesting experiences*



No one falls in love with grey and rose so successfully as does the French designer. This is of grey tussore and rose tussore, stitched, and the corsage is made of rose mousseline



This is the coat that Maupas built, to go over the dress sketched just across the page. Its grey tussore collar has that habit of tying itself shut, and does it with rose tussore



It is of gold-embroidered black tulle, for the effect of the thing; and a white mousseline guimpe reminds the wearer how young she is



In time, jersey will come to be "of course, jersey." Here it is grey, red-stitched

The new line from shoulder to hip is sometimes long, sometimes short, as appears above

At least one dark dress decided not to be sombre; it is of blue jersey with gold





Paul Géraldy has added to his poet's laurels, fame as the playwright of "Les Noces d'Argent." Its presentation at the Comédie Française required Mlle. Valpreux and this gown of mauve satin and beads

children not only hats, but entire frocks are made of this stern white stuff.

Maria Guy is devoted to the piqué hat, and her latest creations in this tissue are some of the smartest of the season. Piqué hats blossom suddenly on all sides: one is trimmed with a "tailored" rose-bud, one is banded with velvet, and one is trimmed with a simple piqué cravat. Another is encircled with a tasseled cord of dull blue yarn, and still another is trimmed with small stubby dull blue cock's feathers.

Scarfs and collarettes of tulle in marron, beige, and all colours are now worn with thin frocks. Purely decorative are most of these airy trifles, which are altogether transparent, forming a sort of cloudy frame for the face. Half ruche, half collar, with picturesque floating ends, these bits of tulle are more than worth their weight in gold. Very effective is a *cache-nez* of vivid red crêpe heavily embroidered with gold thread. It is worn with a white frock.

The use of glass instead of porcelain is worthy of note. Fruit-bowls and ornamental table-ware of all sorts are made more and more of glass—black glass, often, but sometimes coloured crystal. A circular tray of black glass, for instance, is rimmed with brilliant red; a mere thread of scarlet shows on the edge. On this tray are placed six squat, flaring tumblers of black glass also rimmed with red, and filled to overflowing with luscious strawberries.

Oranges, bananas, red apples and purple and white grapes are piled high in a great black fruit bowl and served on black glass fruit plates, and surely fruit never appeared quite so delicious as it does on this service of inky glass.

A. S.



As played by Mlle. Valpreux, the rôle of Suzanne in "Les Noces d'Argent," was a rôle of many frocks. Coral and black wool played an effective part in the making of a trimming for this frock of light, soft, grey crêpe jersey



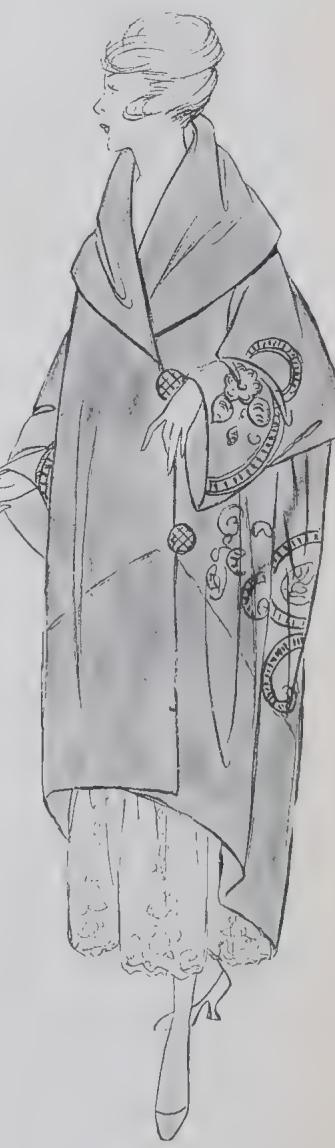
MODELS FROM BERTHIE HERMANCE

Across the mirror of everyday life which Géraldy held up to his public in "Les Noces d'Argent," flitted this enlivening vision of Mlle. Valpreux in a costume all mauve satin and lace



"Les Noces d'Argent" required all the properties of a wedding, even to this gown all orange blossoms and lace, which prove that Mlle. Valpreux has not yet abandoned the melon silhouette

When the evening wrap is not of chiffon and fur, its material is reasonably certain to be satin. It is pale grey satin, in this case, and the garniture is of blue bead embroidery



## THE EVER-SLIPPING SLIMNESS OF A PRINCESS

When a Woman's Dearest Enemy Whispers, "But, My Dear, Aren't You Getting a Little Stout," Then Black Godmother Fear Crouches in Her Heart and Then Banting Begins

By ROGER BOUTET DE MONVEL

I ASSURE you that this is no laughing matter; the sad story of Madame de Saint-Blandin would move the hardest heart. My dear Madame de Saint-Blandin was an exquisite woman, with an adorable face and the most charming figure in the world. I had known her for a long time and I had long cherished an unchanging affection for her, when one day as we were lunching together, I noticed that she had an unaccountably troubled air.

To cheer her, I offered a bit of most delicious plum cake. She declined graciously. I next proposed a delectable cream-puff. Again, a gracious negative. Then I bent over to drop a lump of sugar in her tea.

"Oh, no sugar, please," she cried with an expression of intense distaste.

Astounded, I drew back my hand, and to change the subject I began talking about the last ball of the season. But conversation languished; Madame de Saint-Blandin remained sad and silent. After having exhausted every effort to rouse her, I at last gave up in despair and called the waiter to bring my check.

## THE COMING OF THE BULKY SHADOW

We were preparing to leave when I saw my fair companion cast upon the table a look poignant with regret, a look of irrepressible longing. Her lips trembled, her eyes flashed, and suddenly, with the air of one who abandons the struggle, she seized upon the cream-puff and devoured it—I can use no milder word; then cutting a generous portion of the plum cake, she began to eat that with an appetite,—to be frank, a voracity, a greediness such as I had never seen in a woman.

At that moment our eyes met and Madame de Saint-Blandin's face grew suddenly sombre. Embarrassment, agony, shame, were pictured on her charming countenance. She put her hand on her heart and seemed about to faint (after what she had just eaten, it would hardly have been surprising). I stepped toward her and put a hand to her arm to support her.

"Madame," I said, "my dear madame, what is the matter?"

"Atrocious," she murmured faintly. "What



We were preparing to leave when I saw my fair companion cast upon the table a look poignant with regret

has happened to me is unspeakable."

"But, my dear friend, speak, explain yourself."

The confession must have been difficult, for turning away her eyes and blushing in confusion, "Ah, mon ami," she answered, "I am a lost woman, destroyed."

Grasping my hand as if for support, she continued, "It happened—do you know, can you conceive the horrible thing that has happened to me? Eh, bien, I was growing fat."

For a moment she was silent, struggling for breath; then restraining her emotion, she went on, "Three weeks ago, I still refused to believe in my misfortune. I succeeded in deceiving even myself. Hélas! to-day doubt is no longer possible; I am growing fat, I am becoming solid and commonplace."

Her voice struggled with tears, "and the worst of it is that I do not succeed in combating the evil. I try, I struggle—you have seen how I struggle—but always, at the last moment I give in, and the end will be—mon Dieu, mon Dieu, have mercy," and, at the limit of her strength, the exquisite creature hid her face in her hands.

I was stupefied by this confession, astounded, bowled over, but it was no moment for reproaches. Active aid was imperative.

"Listen," I said to Madame de Saint-Blandin. "Listen, my dear and charming friend; the day is not yet lost. It is all a matter of method and perseverance. You should go to Madame Croquebiche. Director of the Institute of Beauty, rue de Petits-Champs. That woman is science in person. She will not fail to give you the most efficacious advice. The most important thing, you see, is to have some one who directs your treatment, some one who, by her experience and her tact, has full authority over you."

In a twinkling, my gracious friend had straightened her hat and adjusted her veil.

"You said Madame Croquebiche? What number?"

"Twenty-four, rue de Petits-Champs."

I wanted to add a bit of moral encouragement to these summary directions, but, light as a zephyr, Madame de Saint-Blandin had flown in the direction of the rue de Petits-Champs.

A few days later, I went to inquire for her, and I found again my friend of the good old days, careless, gay, radiant.

"Never," she cried, "never shall I forget what I owe you!"

"You have seen Madame de Croquebiche, then?"



She had begun by eating too much; she corrected the error by resolving not to eat at all

"Ah, mon ami, what a woman! What a mind! How clever her diagnosis! Immediately she saw the root of the evil; in a moment she promised me a complete cure, on condition that I should follow her advice in every detail. These are her rules: first, never to have my breakfast served in bed; second, after my bath, to lift each leg to the level of my waist twelve times in succession; third, to remain standing, or walking if possible, for a half-hour after each meal; fourth, never to take water with my meals, but in the middle of the day to drink a large glass of warm water; fifth, to give up bread, sauces, sugar."

"But," I ventured to interrupt, "will you have the courage to carry out such a régime?"

## IF ONE COULD ONLY DIE OF A DIET

She looked at me scornfully. "Really, my dear, you little know me. Let me tell you, then, that for three days I have not tasted a drop of water with my meals, that I raise my leg as well as did the late Mademoiselle Rigolboche, that I walk about the city like the wandering Jew in person, and that as for food, I haven't the least desire for it. You were right. What I needed was a counsellor, a support, a guide. Henceforth I am sure of myself."

I admit that all this did not fail to cause me some uneasiness. My dear little friend had a much overwrought air; she was a prey to most appalling resolutions. Where would it end? Already I imagined her, in her terror of growing fat, doing high-kicking exercises at inopportune moments or, what would be hardly less deplorable, holding herself down to a veritable famine diet. I began to preach moderation.

"Beware of excess," I urged, "perseverance is the thing, perseverance and regularity. Madame de Croquebiche's advice is most inspiring, but it must be followed wisely."

Ah, why did she not heed my advice? But it was written that

Madame de Saint-Blandin was never a woman who knew where to stop. She had begun by eating too much; she corrected the error by resolving not to eat at all; she spent hours in unsuitable and prolonged exercises; she drank too much water and too hot water; and finally she ruined her daintily pretty feet striding along the avenue du Bois de Boulogne. Hélas! what must be, will be. One day I saw her coming to my house, pale, exhausted, hardly recognizable. I sprang forward to sustain her.

"Madame," I said, "dear madame, what is the matter?"

"Atrocious," she murmured weakly, "what I suffer is unspeakable. It is really too much."

(Continued on page 64)



Do not at any price eat veal from an orphan cult



Charlotte Fairchild

*This is the way Miss Nash usually arranges her heavy black locks,—and just one glance at it demonstrates its thorough becomingness. The hair is coiled into two figure eights, but it's so cleverly done that the innocent bystander cannot discern where one ends and the other begins*

*So many smart women have made classics of themselves by banding their heads with wreaths of leaves this season. These leaves may be gold, silver, or green, according to the way one happens to feel about it, and the hair really must be worn low if one wishes the wreath to be truly successful!*



POSED BY MARY NASH

*We hate to tell tales out of boudoirs, but this is the way that high and mighty coiffure in the middle of the page looks in the process of construction*



**THERE IS NO CODE THAT GOVERNS THE  
COIFFURE; IT IS GRACIOUSLY ALLOWED  
TO SUIT ITSELF TO THE FACE BENEATH**

*(Left) You wouldn't think it was the same person, so utterly different does she look when her hair is drawn up from her face and ears and arranged in a figure eight high on her head. A light fringe has a prettily softening effect*

*You know that coiffure at the upper left-hand corner? Well, this is the way that coiffure looks before it's dressed,—who would ever have believed it?*



## HEADLINES IN THE FASHION NEWS

PARIS has settled the question of our silhouettes; it has designed frocks and hats, wraps and suits and lingerie for our sole benefit,—but it hasn't done a single thing about our coiffures. And our hair-dressers, who wait with bated breath for what Paris has to say about new coiffures, have heard no news, and therefore have no new styles in hair-dressing they wish us to adopt. So the smart women must calmly take matters into their own perfectly manicured hands, and create coiffures of their own.

## ADAPTING THE COIFFURE

"Never have I seen so many becoming and charming coiffures," exclaimed a certain smart matron at the opera one night, as she looked from one well-coiffed head to another. The reason for all this becomingness and charm is plain,—each woman had chosen the coiffure most becoming to her type and adapted it to emphasize her best features. There is no one distinct fashion; each smart woman has made her coiffure absolutely her own.

For the most part, the coiffures themselves are simple, although many of them are adorned with ornaments. These ornaments, too, are simple—that exquisite simplicity that means true chic. The ornament may be a flower, a ribbon,

Paris Has Laid Down No Law About Hair - Dressing ; So Woman, Instead of Adapting Herself to Her Coiffure, Must Adapt Her Coiffure to Herself

ends are curled into tight curls,—just as many as the quantity of hair will permit—and these are pinned at either side just above the ears. Simple shell pins, like those in the photograph, placed at either side of the knot of curls, will hold the hair in place, as well as adding a skilful little touch of adornment.

## THOSE INNOCENT YOUNG CURLS

A young girl need not have naturally wavy tresses to arrange her hair in the youthful and becoming style photographed at the left on this page,—a curling iron, that simple little bit of mechanism that has done so much for womankind, will come to her aid. One may comb the hair back from the forehead, or it may be parted in the middle or at the side,—whichever is most becoming; the coiffure will be equally successful. The hair is drawn to a point just above the nape of the neck, where it is pinned together, and the ends are tightly curled,—the way it's done is sketched at the lower left. The curls are held in place with silver hairpins mounted with tiny diamonds. This particular style is not adaptable for one with a great deal of hair, but it is a charming fashion for one with rather short hair.

The low coiffure for evening is sometimes rather difficult to achieve so that it will successfully combine



Miss Betty Lee's coiffure, before the last skillful touches are accomplished, looks like that sketch below. The jewels shown are from Dreicer

Miss Mary Nash demonstrates that a coiffure may be low yet dignified. It is banded with a diamond circlet. The way to achieve it is to do just what's being done in the sketch below it

than something that may happen to suit the particular temperament of her hair-dresser.

One of the most charming coiffures of the season is photographed at the right on this page. Although it appears complicated, it is really simple of achievement and is one of those coiffures which is as becoming and suitable for a young girl as it is for a woman of mature age. The hair is divided into four equal parts, just as it is in the little sketch at the lower right. The front part is rolled softly back from the forehead, and the back section is brushed straight up to the middle of the back of the head, where the ends are rolled into a soft puff to meet the front part. The side sections are drawn softly back over the ear and tied in a loose knot just below this puff,—one can see how it is done if one looks at the sketch on page 64. Then the



The end certainly justifies the means; this extremely chic coiffure of Miss Betty Lee's at one time in its career looks like the sketch below

dignity and charm. The coiffure photographed in the middle of this page manages to do it. The hair is combed back, puffed softly about the head all the way around, and brought together high at the back of the neck,—the sketch just below the photograph shows the process. Then it is taken up and twisted into a loose round roll, which puffs out at the top; the short hairs at the forehead may be

(Continued on page 64)



Just because one's hair is short, it doesn't follow that one can't arrange it in a number of charming ways. Way back in the middle of the last century they used to do things like this to their hair. It is parted in the middle and made into tight little curls all around the head



Charlotte Fairchild

A charmingly youthful way to arrange brief hair is to band it tightly with French flowers, below which the short tresses fluff becomingly. A necklace of seed pearls set in old gold is an appropriate accompaniment

POSED BY VERA BERESFORD



Somehow, young girls and hair ribbons just naturally seem to belong together. And hair ribbons are so kind to young girls,—see how flattering is this narrow one, which goes all the way around

(Left) Many smart women have cut their hair short, and most of them wear it in this fashion. The hair is drawn back and held in place with a barrette

## THE WOMAN'S SHARE OF WAR

The American Army and The American Navy Have Now Thrown in Their Lot with the Allies, but The American Woman Started Her Relief Work nearly Three Years Ago. She is Well Ahead of Her Men Folk

THE sceptical one, especially if he be a mere man, delights in inferring that women, like sheep, must be led, and that all their activity is guided by some personal motive, usually a frivolous one, however serious may be the work they undertake. Now, whether we admit that it is because it is considered smart or whether we affirm a genuine motive of philanthropy, the fact remains that the women of America have set their countrymen the example of realizing what preparedness means and of accomplishing it.

## SOCIETY IN HARNESS

Since the beginning of the war, nearly three years ago, relief work of every kind has been organized and carried on with a system that has been phenomenal,—phenomenal because this work has been organized and faithfully carried on not only by women, but by those women who represent the world of fashion, with all that it implies of ease and luxury.

Thousands of dollars, unmeasured supplies of food, clothing, surgical dressings, and comforts of every type have been collected for stricken Europe, not by professional secretaries, but by the personal and untiring efforts of the women themselves, who have literally worked from morning until night, week in and week out. The result is that to-day, when this country has entered the war, these organizations are ready for definite work, and the government may count upon groups of women trained to a degree of proficiency in their particular relief work that places them far beyond the rank which amateurs have heretofore been granted.

No longer does even this season's little débâstante plan for days devoted to unlimited pleasure; both her days and her evenings know long intervals of relief work—real work. Perhaps she is even giving nine hours of every week to training in a hospital, where she will sign, at the end of the course, an agreement to give six months of service whenever the government may require it. Then, there is the Junior War Relief on Tuesday mornings; this relief is Mrs. Lambert's class in surgical dressings, that meets at Sherry's; four hundred members, who really attend, are enrolled in this course, and from two to three thousand dressings are the result of each one of these meetings.

## KNITTING FOR THE NAVY

The woman who wishes to become proficient in knitting and who has the great American Navy on her mind, may obtain aid from a group of representative women, headed by Mrs. Herbert Satterlee, who are in daily attendance in a shop on Fifth Avenue; here wool is provided, and patient teachers give instruction in the making of scarfs, caps, and sleeveless jackets



Would you learn how to make any of those engaging knitted affairs required by the great American Navy? The society women of New York have organized to teach you

such as are worn by the men of America's Navy. Another group called the Vacation War Relief Committee, is headed by Miss Anne Morgan. Its particular concern at the moment is for the towns evacuated by the retreating Germans, and large sums have been contributed to be used to provide food and drink for the sufferers in the devastated regions of Northern France, which are sorely in need of help.

## FOR FIELD AND HOSPITAL

In a small room at Dinard, with the equipment of one typewriter, Mrs. Chester B. Duryea started at the beginning of the war to write to her friends asking for contributions of fans for the soldiers in the trenches, who were then suffering so intensely from the heat. Her wildest dreams were realized with the response, which brought forth fifteen thousand fans. From this simple little beginning started the organization known as the Duryea War Relief, which is perhaps one of the most successful works and which has to-day clothed over sixty-three thousand people in the stricken war zone.



That authority on war relief, the Red Cross, has a main office on Fifth Avenue and branches in every accessible corner of the country. It is its mission not only to make but to teach others to make dressings and garments to fit soldiers' needs

For relief of the wounded, no greater work has been accomplished than that of the National Surgical Dressings Committee, so nobly planned and carried on by the untiring efforts of Mrs. Hatch Willard and Miss Carita Spencer and many other prominent women. This organization keeps in touch with the surgeons and hospitals, and makes a point of making and preparing for shipment at thirty-six hours' notice, any type of dressings these hospitals may require for their particular needs. This is one of the most colossal pieces of work undertaken and is doing much to fill one of the greatest needs of the war. How great this need is, despite all the efforts which are being made to meet it, is made clear in that recent cable telling of first aid workers reduced to using newspapers to staunch the wounds of the soldiers under their care.

## AID FOR DIVERS NEEDS

Another splendid work is accomplished by the New York Surgical Dressings Committee, of which Mrs. Edward Ringwood Hewitt is chairman and Mr. Schuyler Schieffelin, treasurer, and which, since May first, has shipped to the Allies ninety-nine thousand six hundred and eighty-five surgical dressings.

The treasurer of a cause called the "War Baby's Cradle," another of the many worthy works undertaken by the American women, is Mrs. Jules S. Bache. This organization to protect the French mothers provides bed, food, and ten days' nursing for the poor wives of French soldiers in the trenches and their infants.

The Red Cross is an organization too well known to need more than mere mention. Suffice it to say that classes of all kinds in first aid,

field cooking, home care, the making of clothing and comfort kits, as well as the collecting of clothes and money are among the many activities that women of the Red Cross are engaged in. Branch headquarters are established everywhere about the country, and many private houses are used for this purpose. Mrs. Whitelaw Reid has given the entire use of her house on Madison Avenue for Red Cross classes in cooking and first aid.

## THE WOMAN GIVES

A number of prominent women of the stage have banded themselves together and taken a large place on Fifth Avenue; Miss Rachel Crothers as leader, Miss Frances Starr, Miss Gladys Hanson, Miss Chrystal Herne, and many others, under the direction of Miss Minnie Dupree are working each day for the wounded.



(Left) *A toque it was, and it made itself rare, by its very unusual chin strap of blue moiré tied straight over the middle and finished by a bow on top. The toque, we omitted to say, is of bright blue velvet, which spells Autumn 1917, although you may not know it. With little hats like this, of course, it's not so much what you wear as the "dinkie" way you wear it*

Posed by Gladys Buxton



(Right) *"Simplicity is so expensive," we often hear, which means, of course, that really successful simplicity is invariably the work of an expert. Gowns have been made before of black chiffon and Chantilly or black chiffon and Cluny, but the combination of Chantilly and Cluny in one gown constitutes something of an event in the dress-making world*

MADAME HAYWARD, PAST-MASTER OF  
GRACEFUL LINE, ENSURES THE SUCCESS  
OF A SUMMER DAY. WHILE MAISON  
LEWIS, EVER TO THE FORE, ANTICI-  
PATES THE CHARM OF AUTUMN HATS



(Left) *"A stitch in time saves nine," they say; a chain stitch of this description may save your whole summer from boredom or something worse, if anything could be worse. The protective "chaineuse" stitch in question is done in grey and gold on a grey chiffon coatee, worn over a white satin underskirt, and finished by a belt of jade green satin. A gold ornament set with jade fastens it at the neck*

(Right) *When William Tell shot his arrow it struck the apple and passed on; when Monsieur Lewis shot his it struck —right in the middle of her forehead. There was no damage done, however, witness the smiling maid beneath, and few will be found to regret the accident since it resulted in this charming creation of soft grey velvet where the arrow is the one black spot*



THE ORGANDIE SUMMER GOWNS OF  
MADAME HAYWARD ARE SUFFICI-  
ENTLY DESIRABLE TO CALL DOWN  
THE ENVY OF RÉCAMIER HERSELF



Merely to speak of organdie conjures up a vision of spotless freshness and daintiness, gay gardens and shady river-sides; but the reality far surpasses the vision when it materializes into a frock of lavender organdie, of which the crisp pleats are so delicate that it is incredible they are actually sewn by human fingers. The gown has a plain collar and plastron finished at the waist with a yellow flower

(Centre above) A summer frock gains enormously by the tang of contrast, and what could be a more engaging offset to a gown of pink, blue, or mauve organdie than this little cap-like creation of black lace, outlined with black beads, and finished with long black ribbons? The soft texture of a lace hat is most soft and becoming to the face, kind to the hair, and delightfully easy for the wearer. To add that it is chic is unnecessary when it comes from Lewis



LEWIS PROVIDES THE NECES-  
SARY FOIL TO SUMMER GOWNS  
IN A DELIGHTFUL MODEL OF  
DELICATE BLACK BEADED TULLE



Most people agree that the acme of wise summer dressing is not only to feel cool yourself, but also to afford a feast of coolness to the eyes of all who may behold you. You may achieve this if you wear a charming fresh frock of fine pink linen, banded and bordered with slim strips of the same material in white. The collar is dispensed with in front, but given licence for extra depth at the back

Graceful in silhouette, charming in design, and meticulous in detail is this exquisite gown of smoke blue organdie. The round-necked bodice and the upper part of the skirt are thickly embroidered in white, the pattern being finished with a scalloped row of stitching. Tiny scalloped ruffles deck the skirt, and a black band gives an accent at the waist. Though the design of this gown is simple, every one of its soft folds is instinct with dainty chic



No Parisienne has penned an ode on the parasol, or the mushroom-like parasol tent, probably because she secretly adores its brilliant success, or a black satin sunshade edged with bobbing tassel.



The flat Japanese sunshade, popular and picture-que, is rapidly becoming classic. It lends itself admirably to decoration on a sunny beach; red lacquered ribs and thick upholding green taffeta.



Beach parasols may be of loose linen canvas, mohair, or tussore, this year, gaily striped and decorated. This one, encircled in red, dull blue, dull yellow, and black, is firmly resolved not "to blush unseen."

## WHEN IS A TENT NOT A TENT?

WHEN the lady Eve invented the apron, why was she not inspired to design the parasol? Perhaps Adam, jealous of her cleverness, sternly forbade further efforts on her part. Perhaps it slipped her mind. At any rate, the parasol was left to the inventive genius of posterity, and posterity at once occupied itself with the parasol. One finds some form of the parasol in almost all of the bas-reliefs of antiquity. It figures in the hieroglyphics of nearly all the ancient peoples, and in all the intervening centuries the form of this apparently indispensable article has remained essentially the same. The stem has been shortened or made longer, the top has been curved or flattened according to the fancy of the maker, but the spreading sheltering top on its slender stem—a flower often brilliant on its leafless stalk—of the earliest creation remains, in effect, the parasol of the present day.

The red and white and yellow striped mushroom-like parasol-tents, which used to stud the beaches of European seaside resorts, have now been shorn of their drooping curtains, reduced in size, and are carried in the hand by summer beach-dwellers of the western hemisphere; and the shorn curtains, transformed into beach cloaks, are draped about the shoulders of beachfolk, hiding the new, brief sea attire from the gaze of the curious. In short, we sit, in normal times, in the shade of our beach tents on the *plages* of Europe, while on American beaches we wrap tent and all about us to shelter ourselves from a too-bright sun or from too-sharp breezes.

Beach-parasols are made of loose linen canvas, mohair, or tussore, gaily striped or otherwise decorated. One resembles in design a quaint old patchwork quilt. Another, of plain beige tussore, is bordered with red and yellow apples in appliqué. One is adorned with small tassels of coloured straw, swinging all about, while another bears similar tassels of bright wool. The woollen embroideries which are so much in vogue just now appear also on beach parasols, and have proved very decorative. The colours defy the brightest sun. Beach baskets are similarly embroidered, and even the bathing-dress itself is embroidered with woollen thread. Mme. Lanvin, in her spring collection, showed a fetching bathing-frock of black alpaca, decorated with a great flower of woollen embroidery, and the accompanying beach cloak of rough white cheviot was embroidered with red wool.

(Middle centre) More deadly than the fan is the parasol. Realistic red apples and green leaves dot this gay blue specimen, green lining shades the eyes beneath, and blue tassels hang around it.



We have had the square and the undulating parasol, the flat and the concave varieties, but we always hark back to the classic shapes—the protecting, slightly curved "ribbed" parasol of our mothers and maiden aunts, our grandmothers, and our great-grandmothers. The flat Japanese shape is also rapidly becoming classic, and is almost as much in evidence on a sunny beach as the rounded shape. It is even more picturesque, and lends itself admirably to decoration, and is particularly fancied by the young.

The latest parasol has a pocket neatly sewn on—it is a "patch" pocket—where a tiny powder-puff may be tucked away. What a blessing for sun-burned "beach" noses! Another is hemmed all about the edge, and a bright ribbon, passed through the inch-wide hem, may be drawn taut, gathering the parasol into a sort of sack, wherein may be carried all sorts of small useful articles. One might reasonably inquire what is to be done with the small articles when the parasol is lifted, but to this question there is no reply. The parasol is a "novelty" it seems. There is also a new parasol of thin blue serge, edged all about with a drooping border of knitted wool, in colour a bright green. Green knitted tassels finish the top of this serviceable sunshade—discreetly waterproof for rainy days—and the short, thick stick is finished with a ball of green enamel.

Mme. Lanvin makes a dainty parasol of thin white muslin, trimmed with bands of blue, which matches in texture and trimming a frock of muslin. Another of closely-figured *toile de Jouy* is destined to be carried with a summer frock of white muslin embroidered with green. Parasols of linen—so rare in these war-times—are richly embroidered in the Persian fashion—an all-over pattern of bright colours and plain linen parasols in different shades of green and blue are very smart. Gauzy affairs of tulle for summer days, in mauve, pale green, yellow, and rose, blossom like flowers in the Paris salons, but their loveliness endures only for a day—in Paris. Too frivolous for warring countries, they are, or rather were, sent immediately to the States—the States, that until recently were the real happy hunting-ground of the parasol. I write "hunting-ground" advisedly, for what coquettish parasol but has, so to speak, slain its thousands? More deadly than the fan is the parasol.

(Left) A red and white beach parasol is, of course, the correct thing to hold over a red mohair bathing-dress trimmed with black satin—a smart spot on a sunny seashore. She takes her tent with her.



Charlotte Fairchild

Of this informal dinner gown, the underdress is of white satin, puffed in at the hem, and the overdress is of white net embroidered in gold. Pastel-tinted French flowers bloom on the satin girdle, and more French flowers surround the crown of the leghorn hat which is faced with dark blue velvet.

(Left) It's a very small hat, we admit, but then just think of what it is. It's all of bluish purple bachelor's-buttons tied with a picot-edged ribbon on purple on one side and peacock green on the other. Hung from Miss Walton's narrow black sautoir is a piece of Chinese jade set with diamonds and sapphires, and other pieces of jade dangle from her ears. They say that jade brings one good fortune.—we insist that good fortune brings one jade.



THE COSTUMES IN WHICH FLORENCE WAL-

TON DOESN'T DANCE ARE AS CHARMING

AS HER JUSTLY FAMOUS DANCE GOWNS

No one quite understands how she does it, but Miss Walton finds time for many things beside dancing. When she walks, she does it in a superlatively chic suit of strawberry-coloured Irish tweed which is rescued from "mannishness" by a strictly feminine collar and waistcoat of soft white satin. The lower part of the close-fitting hat is of bright green straw, and the upper part is of white satin embroidered with white cord; a tiny band of straw joins them.



WE SHALL SPEND OUR SUMMER EVEN-  
INGS UNDER A CLOUD OF CHIFFON  
WITHOUT A SIGN OF SILVER LINING

IMPROBABLE THINGS ARE ALWAYS  
CHARMING,—SO FUR AND CHIFFON  
ARE COMBINED ON EVENING WRAPS



(Below) These new summer evening wraps are far from being innocent unsophisticated little garments; but, in spite of that,—or, perhaps because of it—they are incredibly charming. This affair, for instance, of black chiffon glittering with jet and white beads and garlanded with black fox,—well, there certainly isn't anything innocent about that, but just see how charming it is

DESIGNS BY TRAVIS BANTON

(Above) The cape is charming even in this black and white version, but when one considers its colour scheme—well, it really doesn't seem fair for one little garment to monopolize so much loveliness. It is of emerald green chiffon with medallions of black Chantilly lace wreathed with pastel-tinted flat silk roses and ended by long mauve ribbons. As to the band of fur on the shoulders, the designer has gracefully retired and left to our own discretion whether we will have chinchilla or moleskin



(Below) The patriotism of our couturiers! Firmly setting their faces against the kill-joys of this world, and in times of stress they grow like mushrooms in a night, the couturiers have evolved with toil and skill interesting things like this. It's a cloud of misty grey chiffon tied with long slim magenta ribbons. There are bands of ermine on the collar and cuffs and on the pockets—those delightfully unnecessary pockets



This hat with a bold quill and a tip-tilted inquisitive crown loves a real adventure



The breeze from this fan of red, blue, and green silk, with sticks of yellow lacquer, must float on waves of colour

A little grey bird in the form of a turban found this agreeable place to alight



This room-jacket of blue and white striped crépe has such a way with it that one forgives mornings for being chilly

OF green and grey striped jersey are the collar and muff shown at the lower middle on this page. They are designed for motoring, although they would be appropriate for a long walk through the country, a game of golf, or any outdoor sport. The enveloping *cache-nez* sketched at the lower right is of green tricot adorned with a single swinging green tassel. In the top centre of the page is a parti-coloured fan of red, blue, and green silk, with sticks of yellow lacquer. In this depressing war-time it is good to have anything so gay and colourful as this fan. The lady who waves it gently could never be depressed.

ON chilly mornings when one wears shiveringly a simple chemise-like robe d'intérieur of white crépe or muslin, it is blissfully comforting to add a becoming room-jacket like the one sketched at the upper left of this page. This charming jacket is of blue and white striped crépe, and is lined with yellow crépe.

THE waistcoat which really began the season quite modestly, is almost getting out of bounds—one just doesn't know how to discipline it; but one doesn't want to so very much. Sketched at the upper right on this page is a strikingly smart waistcoat of black and white checked cheviot, which may be worn happily with a tailored frock of blue serge. Equally striking is a waistcoat blouse of blue and white silk jersey, girdled with a tasseled "rat-tail" of jersey. This is also worn with a blue serge frock.



This waistcoat blouse of blue and white jersey is girdled with a cord poetically called a "rat-tail"



She takes her pretty chin from the depths of a fur collar and buries it in a "cache-nez" of serge



Sitting opposite this travelling hat of grey suède, who wants to look out of the train window?

plumage like the one illustrated at the upper right on this page. Two graceful, slender, spreading wings cross the front of this small hat which is worn with a dark blue tailored suit.

INSTEAD of the once popular cloche Parisiennes are now happy wearing the beret; one of these, which may be made in satin, velours de laine, or straw, is sketched at the upper left on this page. Often the beret is simply and entirely untrimmed, though sometimes it is willing to take the heavy responsibility of a quill or a cocarde. But this season, whatever the tissue or trimming, the so-called beret is always half beret and half casque; and always the crown is tilted backward, as inquisitively as a tip-tilted chin.

EARLY last winter, the Parisienne buried her pretty nose in fur. Now, on chilly summer mornings, she swathes her equally pretty chin with a *cache-nez* of serge or velours de laine, lined with white or a contrasting colour. The one sketched above the middle of this page is of grey serge, lined with black satin; beret accompanying it is also of grey serge.

SKETCHED on the middle right of this page is a very jaunty travelling hat of grey suède, topped with an impudent blue silk pompon. This hat would make the stupidest of trips a real pleasure. Odette made it, so, of course, one knows the style is bound to be correct.

A NEW blouse of red jersey is sketched at the lower right on this page; it is prettily embroidered with blue and the girdle flaunts a joyous blue tassel. The good tidings come to us that Rodier has originated a brand new striped jersey cloth with a very narrow cross-wise stripe.



Small animals with nice furs are rejoicing over the advent of this collar and muff of green and grey striped jersey

If one unswirled this smart "cache-nez" of green tricot, dropping a green tassel, one would find a girl underneath



Under the jacket of a tailored suit one might come upon this blouse of red jersey, embroidered in blue

## VOGUE POINTS



Photograph by Davis and Sandler

#### MRS. ROBERT P. BREESE AND HER DAUGHTER

*Mrs. Robert P. Breese and her little daughter, Beatrice Lawrence Breese, who is six months old. Mrs. Breese was before her marriage Miss Beatrice Clafin, daughter of Mr. Arthur B. Clafin. Little Miss Beatrice Breese is named after her mother, and she has inherited the kindly name from her paternal grandfather, Mr. James Lawrence Breese.*

## A TRAGEDY OF MISDIRECTED INTELLIGENCE

The Fact That a Man is a Poisoner is No Argument Against  
His Poetry ; but the Poisoner is Not Usually a Poet.  
The Nation that Knows Only the Law of Necessity Must  
Leave Other Nations to Create the Laws of Art

**T**HREE is no such thing as National Art. National Art is merely Provincial Art—a tributary to the main stream. Art, like Love, laughs at the barriers of race; its appeal is international. But the various nations of the world have contributed in very different degrees to the development of that appeal. Greece and Rome taught us the beauty of form and the power of words; Italy brought the warmer glow of colour; France, the enchantress, with her intuitive prescience of beauty, moulded the delicacies of design. Britain, learning from them all, has woven the magic of their creations into the wares and fabrics of common life; she is pre-eminent in the realm of applied Art.

**W**HAT has Germany contributed? Individuals of genius she has, indeed, produced; but they have been distinguished by their rarity. Technical capacity she can more justifiably claim, but technical powers are merely the means to Art, not the end. They require to be directed to an artistic design, and Germany has produced no designs of her own except designs on the peace and progress of civilization. Her efforts at originality, after much labouring, produce monstrosities, unashamed because unconscious. Whether we consider her painting, sculpture, architecture, literature, or dress, everywhere will be found the same unbalanced exaggeration and blatant vulgarity. Music alone remains, and music, whatever it sounds like, never sounds like German.

**W**HAT is the source of this spiritual poverty? The character of a people betrays itself in their Art. The Chinese labourer will drink tea out of delicate porcelain; the German prince drinks beer out of a broad-bellied mug. You cannot transplant taste. And the failure of German Art is probably due to the very cause which has built up the strength of the German State, viz., uncritical submission to authority. When Böttger discovered the secret of Chinese porcelain and gave Dresden to the world, he and his workmen were haled off to the fortress of Meissen and kept in effective captivity for the rest of their days. In such a soil how could Art take root? Böttger's china was conscientiously imitated from generation to generation; but the spirit

was lost. It is the work of slaves who can obey a master but cannot act as men. The obsession of organization is fatal to the spontaneity of Art.

**W**E in England have happily developed on other lines. "A nation of shopkeepers," we have been called; but it is in the great centres of commerce that the Arts and Handicrafts have always flourished. Athens, Florence, Venice, the Low Countries—these were all great mercantile States. Their environment of prosperity enabled a reserve of energy to be spared from the necessities for the beautification of Life. Poverty may be the best stimulus for the artist, but prosperity is the best for the patron.

**A**ND our democratic system has secured that the Art thus created is not relegated to the cultured few as a privileged hobby. The public itself is the Mæcenas; and the public, if it keep but true to its instinct, is the best of patrons. The arts depend on the selection of means to ends, on the maintenance of balance and harmony. Your merchant, turned critic, is as shrewd a judge of contour as of contracts; the bizarre and meretricious, at least, will not appeal to him. Our popular taste has been and is, in many ways, still deplorable; but it is not stereotyped. It has in itself the prospect of progress. Each year since 1851 has shown a steady improvement till there is no country in the world which can rival English manufactures for the beauty and the quality of their productions.

**G**ERMANY has not shown any similar tendency. She can produce caricature but not character. The story of German Art, as of the German Empire, is a tragedy of misdirected intelligence. With her unrivalled talent for organization she might have achieved the mystery of creation; she has been content with the mastering of method. The result has been much technical progress in cheap reproduction of better wares. Such work may win the markets of Turkey (if there be any) after the war; it cannot secure a hold among more fastidious races.



# THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY

The Exhibition of The International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers at The Grosvenor Gallery, and Questions Aroused by Pictures There

THE exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery is "The International," but it is not international, nor is it possible for any exhibition in London to be that in present times. The intention of the Society appears to be to "carry on" until that great time after the war, when the individuality of nations will be respected as never before, and from that respect internationalism spread. This Society then, of prophetic name, lives now for the future. But it does live, that is the point. It does not merely open and shut its doors at an appointed time of the year, and collect shillings from a bored public. Walk up that long white vista, called the corridor, which forms the "approach" to

"The Large Gallery," any day you like, and you will find that gallery a gem room, taking that word to mean objects of great worth irrespective of their size. In this room, at least, not a work is admitted to strike a note which would be out of harmony with the scheme that is there designed to charm us. How well at this gallery the science of hanging pictures is understood. The truth is appreciated that if the frame counts, and should be studied, other things than the frame must count. The immediate world around the frame is but an enclosure of the picture, and should also be considered. The spacing of pictures, the colour upon which they are shown, these must be studied to prevent the



"General Smuts," by William Nicholson (4)

"Remembrance," by Charles Sims, R.A. (37)

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"The Sentimentalists," by Constance Rea (39)



spectator being conscious of any place but that strange land to which every painting is a gate. There should seem to be a hush in the rooms. We are here to respond to soundless music. There should be fragrance in the air, deliberately assisted, if you like, by flowers arranged in bowls. And there must be roomy seats into which you may sink as you surrender to the spell that fine painting puts upon you. Where has all this been regarded but at the Grosvenor? What alternative is there to the scheme adopted there, not injurious to the effect of pictures, but the simplicity, the repose, the comparative emptiness, the breathing room—and the sweet air of the altitude—of the recently constructed Mansard Gallery in Oxford Street? Those other places, stuffed with velvet, which make you feel like a surfeited moth when you would look at pictures, of which there are any number in the neighbourhoods of Bond Street and St. James's; and those, again, like waiting-rooms on the railway or the rooms of boycotted hotels, of which there are any number, too, in the same zone—how did anyone ever come to imagine that works of art could be enjoyed in these places? Nor have I time now to dwell on the question.

We will take in their order the pictures in "The Large Gallery." First Mr. W. E. B. Ranken's wonderful still-life group, arranged on a table. By this table a lady sits, calling attention to the group, lifting one of the Chinese ornaments in her hand. She dwells in semi-darkness, but the still-life objects are illuminated. They are arranged to front the spectator, but the lady's face is turned away. We learn from the catalogue that this lady is Mrs. Asquith. Mr. Ranken has acquired such a reputation as a still-life painter that he seems to think he does his duty by a sitter in merely placing her in the same canvas with his "still-life." But people are too interested in Mrs. Asquith to be contented with such a slanting view of her as this. Why invite a sitter so notable to assume the rôle of a model, employing her merely to introduce what



"The Buffet,"  
by William Strang, A.R.A. (26)



"Miss Daune O'Neill,"  
by G. W. Lambert (44)



"Lady Diana Manners,"  
by Ambrose McEvoy (211)

is called the human interest into a still-life piece?

Mr. William Nicholson's "General Smuts" pays a tribute to the great South African by letting him stand in the picture unsupported by any "glamorous" accessories. The picture is essentially dignified. The straightforward execution and the simplicity of pose are alike eloquent. We feel that there is an instinctive appreciation of great character. Not knowing whom this picture represented, it would be always known that it represented a great man. And yet something is wanting: that touch of the visionary which distinguishes a statesman from a politician. The staunch, the formidable character is represented here, but not the luminous intellect that is apparent when we read the General's speeches.

Mr. McEvoy has two portraits, the first one of Lady Gwendolen Churchill, and the second of Miss Elizabeth Asquith. The "Lady Gwendolen" is characteristic of that power of Mr. McEvoy to show the poise of a head and arrest expression. Thought itself seems made visible in its passage through the mind. In the "Miss Asquith" we have that mastery in concentration and play of inter-reflected lights that instead of dissipating beauty of facial expression, as often in pure impressionism, in Mr. McEvoy's pictures imparts vitality.

Now Mr. Strang. What a puzzle his art is. Why should it be so self-conscious? It does not seem to believe that life itself can touch us emotionally, that any faint true reflection of life is an achievement for all time. This painting constantly refuses the sensitive tones of Nature for concoctions of the palette. It seems conceitedly enough to say: Nature, what obvious things she says. My art, what unimaginable subtleties it shows, how vivid it can make life seem. But if life itself is not like this, what does this art mean? Is it pattern merely? Then why pretend, as it seems to do, that Nature is in some degree represented here? Mr. Walte-



"The Sorrowful Madonna," by Dorothy F. Litchfield (151)  
"A Yacht Race in the Solent," by Alice Fanner (64)



Bayes' "Promenade" is something else of the same kind. Iridescent in effect, and subtly enough showing the truth of atmospheric influence on local colour, it takes Nature at some transient moment and endeavours to combine with such an effect the posed figures of the studio. Surely the little boy in the picture was "posed." Why pretend a momentariness of action which cannot be sustained? With Mr. Lambert, too, one touch does not seem to go right through his picture like one purpose. We have, in his case, to deal with a brush portraying with the utmost sympathy and curious adroitness the charm and beauty of pattern and fold of dress, but the brush does not seem to work over the face with the same enjoyment. Instead it returns, and returns again, to achieve smoothness, regarded as "finish"—a porcelain surface which is in itself not the most attractive thing in the world. And in this business—

that is the weakness of it, it does appear to be a business—time is lost. But the "Miss Daune O'Neill" must be excepted from these remarks; it is a very distinguished picture in the perfection of its design and the subtle quality of its colour.

When it comes to the landscapes in the exhibition, it is noticeable that there is a tendency to revive the art of Composition. The French Impressionists practically despised that art, yet in Alice Fanner's "Racing in the Solent" here, we see lines of the sky and of the sails of yachts which alone impart a swiftness to the movement of the objects in the picture, though the interpretation of sea fails to communicate to me an impression of the fresh sea air—and such impressions of Nature are the life of naturalistic art.

A very attractive picture is Mr. Alfred J. Munning's "Above the Wood"; a girl seated on the ground, the sunlight falling upon her. There is only one respect in which the picture disappoints, and that is, that though vision and touch are in apparent unity, the paint itself is not attractive.

## AND NOW THE MAGPIE GARDEN



The Garden Is About the Only Thing Around the House That We Haven't Put On the Black-and-White List, and Now Some One in Sussex Has Done It

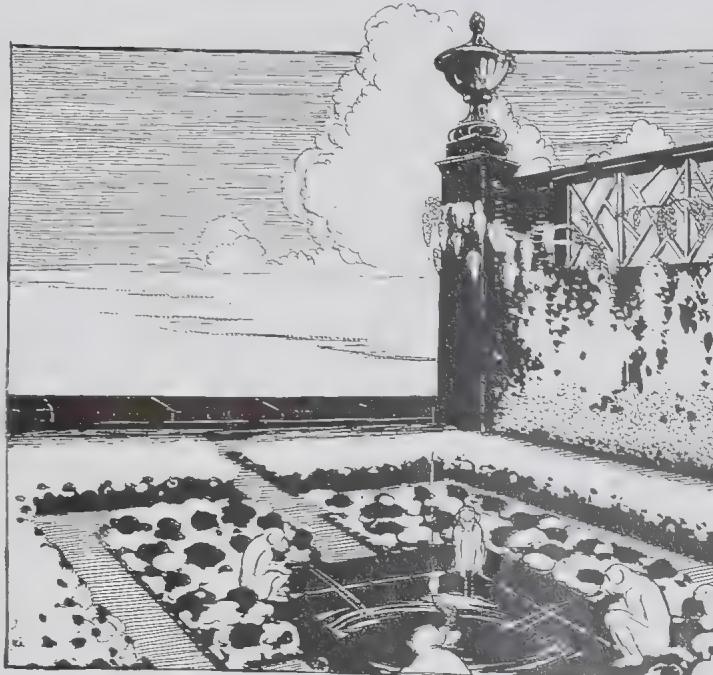


HERE have been blue gardens, gold, grey, and rainbow gardens, but a truly black-and-white garden is a new story. But now, somewhere in Sussex, one may surprise this fantasy in the act of greeting its second summer. The gaiety with which it manages to do this, in spite of the fact that blacks and whites only are admitted, would turn a tiger lily green and wound the sunflower's soul. The garden looks out to sea towards Calais, so that at one end of it there is always a picture of changing color and a background of beauty for the bold mosaics that fill the parterre from May to Michaelmas.

In late tulip time (and our tulips with true British deliberation, linger long), the scheme begins to vindicate its audacity. Masses of the splendid sombre Darwins are countermassed with pure white cottage tulips and the lovely Cynet: for the deep tone, La Tulipe Noire, blackest of all, with the Sultan, a striking second, and with Zanzibar, Zulu, Shakespeare, and Leonardo da Vinci; gorgeously gloomy, all of these. Occasionally, clumps of the flecked and feathered florist tulips appear; Black Diamond, Proserpine, Wedding-coat. Velvet black violas carpet the parterre beds and the borders, drifts of white alyssum foam over the edges, in a word, the black-and-white ball has begun. With June, all sorts of white flowers come in with a rush; and that other débutante, July, has a very full card indeed. By Michaelmas time, when the whole place becomes a glorious mass of feathery white, the garden may be said to have entertained the best white herbaceous society and all the admissible blacks.

## AN ECCENTRIC LITTLE HOUSE

The garden belongs to a black-and-white house built on the pleasant low lines of all good little English country houses, but otherwis whimsical and unashamed. Instead of the familiar red roof and timbered walls, the house is of plain, rough, very white cement, crowned by black shingles and black tiles. The white length of the house on the road-side is broken by the black entrance door flanked by white tubs bound with black hoops and filled with seasonal white flowers. Flush with the house, in front, runs the garden wall of black glazed brick, with sections of white trellis let into the top to about one-third the wall's depth. In the early summer, white wistaria and the mountain clematis fling their foam-coloured blossoms across the black surface and climb through the white lattices.



*It is like a scene in a Hindu fairy story; in a black-and-white garden that seems to merge into the sea, is a black marble pool, guarded by four white marble monkeys who constantly torment a black bronze snake.*

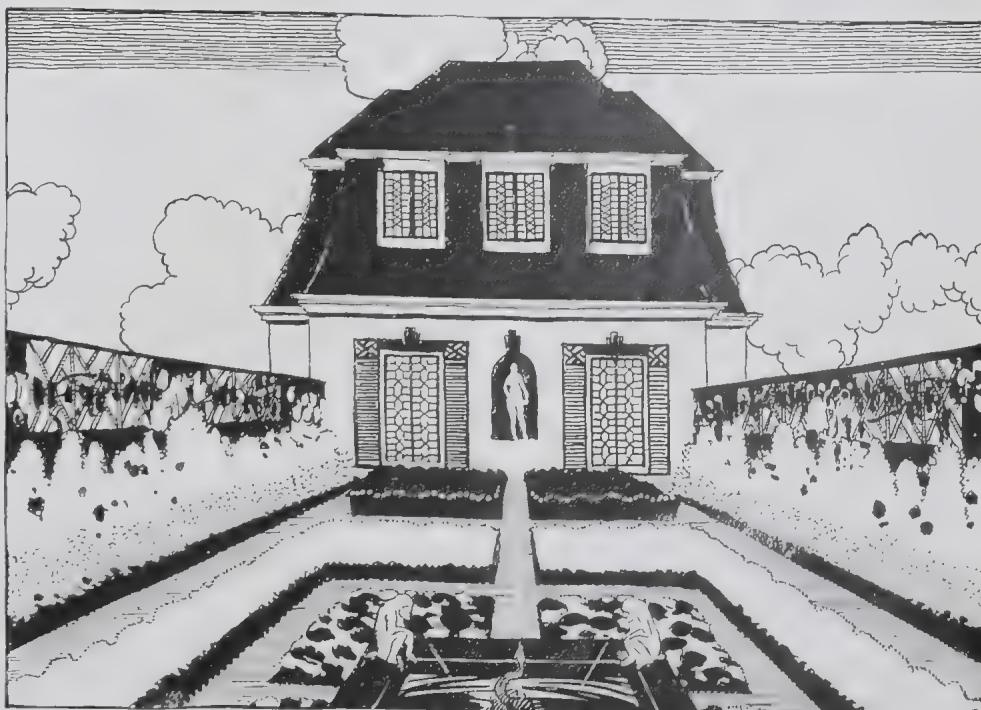
Clumps of dark wall-flowers colonize along the top, and crowding in among these are flowery clouds of white; filling in between the black-and-white tulips, magnolias and white columbines appear in the border. To persons motoring by, the little house appears no more eccentric than, say, a Piccadilly "Knut" in conventional evening dress.

But now we shall go into the garden.

Through French windows, leading on to a terrace of black and white stones, one is lured by a most amusing departure in outdoor "decoration." The paths are of white sea-shells edged with black "rope" tiles; yes, the same horrors that once framed every Victorian flower-bed. In the centre of the parterre is a pool, the basin of which is made of black marble with a few white pebbles on the bottom. On

each corner of the rim sits a white marble monkey playfully spouting water at a black-bronze snake rising from the pool. The snake, not to be outdone in kittenishness by the marble monkeys, shoots a jet of water straight into the air. Each angle of the black pool intersects a white blossoming bed, gay as any Pierrot, with black velvet-like patches. The outer border of the parterre shows only an occasional note of black, and beyond it, across the dazzling sea-shell paths, is a great white border, terminating in irregular, tall, snowy masses against the coal black wall. The garden is small, as befits its wilfulness, and square, as gardens do well to be when they can. At the sea end there is a zigzag drop, and the black and white seem to dissolve softly into the blue. Running the full width of the garden, at this extreme edge, is a black marble tank studded with white pebbles and supplied with running water. The flowers bordering this channel form a veil to the distant view: sometimes the feathery fronds of gypsophila, or, at another time, the delicately-tinted Iris Florentina, tempering with its subtle odour the more violent perfume of the Lilium Candidum which grows near it. The wall at the sea end terminates in two massive piers of the black glazed brick surmounted by white Italian vases filled with white flowers. Buried in blossoming branches at one far end of the garden, is a quaint black-and-white dove cote. Occasionally there is a flutter of fan-tail pigeons, *blanc-et-noir* among the flowers. From month to month the garden holds to the same principal that only one kind of flower shall appear in the parterre at a time; that is, one besides carpet-plants and edging. The parterre flowers are kept low so that the design appears as clearly as that of a black-and-white Roman pavement. The wall border repeats the note of the parterre flowers in masses of taller varieties, but admits as many other harmonious sorts as the season offers.

## THE MAGPIE GARDEN



*From the sea end of the garden, one looks across the blackness of the marble pool and sees the black-and-white flower-beds and the tall white flowers against the black glazed brick wall.*

A certain care is taken to choose flowers of a pure cold white, not ivoryish nor slaty-bluish ones. This helps to maintain the colour scheme, as the very white flowers make the dark flowers look black, which is all the black-and-white enthusiast asks. But there is, in this Sussex garden, no straining for effects. The first duty of any garden is to be simple and beautiful even if it chooses to be different. White flowers are the important thing in the garden described, and they (Continued on page 62)



MME. SARAH BERNHARDT  
"QUAND MÊME"

## S E E N   o n   t h e   L O N D O N   S T A G E

SOMEHOW or other it is difficult to make a success of a Triple Bill. The very variety of the entertainment perhaps provokes the critical faculties. It is all very well to have a little curtain-raiser, which continues long enough to give the gourmet his full grace, and ends soon enough to allow the others a last ration, before the curtain rises on the main business; but it is an entirely different thing to excite intent enthusiasm three times in one evening. The prudent manager tends to the dramatic Malthusian.

Yet there is much of interest in each item of the Bill at the Royalty. The main piece is Mr. Galsworthy's "Foundations"—a peep into the future. The war has changed many things, but it has not changed Mr. Galsworthy's desire to reform us. His chosen instrument this time is a plumber, not a peculator; and he shows us what nice fellows plumbers are if only you get to know them, so to speak, outside business hours. And this one is quite a respectable man. True, he left things that looked like bombs and removed things that looked like bottles from Lord Dromondy's place; but when the mob surged, howling round, he threw some trousers to the "sans culottes" and saved the cellars. Whereon Dromondy couldn't do less than send a sample round, and the mob passes on, all the merrier, to sack his neighbours' mansions.

Mr. Galsworthy is doing the right thing in warning us that all our difficulties will not end with the war. But he hasn't chosen the most attractive method of expression. He is never sufficiently trustful of his audience to give them one part of the story without immediately supplying the counterpart. Only in the case of Mr. Lening, the plumber in question, does he combine the contraries, and so produce a living man, with which Dennis Eadie makes the piece go. The other characters rather remind one of the aesthete's comment on creation: "Pas mal, pas mal, Seigneur Dieu, mais il manque un peu de personnalité." Miss Babs Farren was, however, perfectly charming as "Little Anne," the leading counsel for the defence.

In the after-piece Miss Iris Hoey has an exquisite opportunity of displaying her temperament. The fast assiduity suits her; and the thought of her being bullied—and liking it—sent us home happy.

"Mrs. Pomeroy's Reputation" at the Queen's Theatre is more feminine comedy. Mrs. Pomeroy is a widow of some experience: not too much, or she would have remembered about the bag; nothing fails like forgetfulness. We used to be warned against letting the cat out of the bag—a ridiculous phrase. Even the nine lives of the feline would not avail itself against incarceration in a bag; and if any dear friend exhumed the mute, you could easily explain his phenomenon away as the latest novelty in furs. Every dramatist knows that it is not what's inside the bag that matters, but what's outside; and it was really incredibly silly of Mrs. Pomeroy

"Mrs. Pomeroy's Reputation" is at Stake at the Queen's Theatre. A Novelist's Play, Flanked With Two Airy Trifles, at The Royalty. "Airs and Graces" at The Palace



Portrait by Laile Charles

As long as she chooses to bid them "Come Hither" with that look in her eye, Miss Julia James will find they perpetually respond to her call. "Theodore and Co." has had an undisputed success at the Gaiety, and promises to have a longer run than the "Three Hundred and Sixty-five Days" chanted by Mr. Leslie Hanson in the popular duet

to leave her initials lying about so carelessly. It would have been better to dig out a Dorothy, which could, at a pinch, contain everything without advertising anybody. It is these little indiscretions that destroy the bubble reputation and build the modern comedy. Vincent Dampier, her (as well as other people's) lover has a rôle which needs a lot of courage. It must be disconcerting to any man to have the

kisses destined for the lady whom he loves anticipated by her sister-in-law, whom he only says he loves, and returned with interest. Indeed, it is a form of reprisals which any archbishop might reasonably regard with disfavour. Perhaps it wasn't surprising that Mr. Frank Monk wasn't entirely at his ease; but he was quite a clever man, and won in the end.

The cheers that welcomed Miss Violet

Vanbrugh on her re-appearance heralded another triumph. Of the others, Mr. C. M. Lowe makes the most of the heavy-footed Dormet; and Mr. Clifford Heatherly gets some excellent business out of the brief Doctor's visit. Miss Lettice Fairfax flirts and fibs attractively, while Miss Kate Phillips makes a truly charming pathetic dowager, who gives just the touch required to redeem the play from any charge of cynicism. Altogether it is a very bright piece, which should draw to the Queen's anyone who enjoys poetry philandering with dialogue.

The usual cast of the Palace Revues is almost entirely revised in "Airs and Graces," with the brilliant exception of Miss Gertie Millar, who has returned to the scene of her triumph in "Bric-à-Brac." The revue is gay and easy, and there are some amusing gags, but it can hardly be said to be scintillating with wit or prolific of new ideas. There is one very old idea presented in a charming setting—an original version of "Harlequin and Columbine." Columbine, in this case, is a "great big beautiful doll," which has been sent to Madame with her new gown draped upon it. Madame, being occupied, has it put into the nursery till the morning. Disastrous but diverting results raise from this introduction of a modern fashion doll into a nursery among children's playthings. Miss Gertie Millar is discovered sitting alone on a box, and it is little wonder that Jack who-dwells within should spring up in a great state of agitation and immediately become her slave; as usual, Harlequin cuts him out, and he dies of a broken heart. Harlequin is droll and elegant in mauve silk and a ruffle, and Miss Millar is as careless, fascinating, and disdainful as a right-minded doll should be. She makes a very beautiful poupee with her unfamiliar golden curls, her golden dress, and little satin boots.

The adaptable John Humphries is a valuable prop at every turn. He is excellent as the admirable Fleming in a rather touching little play of that name, and the quiet cynicism of his song, "My pal Joe," is very telling. Mr. Frederick Bentley, as the caddie in the first scene, calls forth much mirth with his clever Scotch accent and absurdly youthful appearance. He and Mr. Humphries make the most exaggerated contrast; their turns are always diverting. Mr. Bentley is less successful as the little dancing "knut," but is entertaining as Mackin, one of those figures of fun who came to amuse the "Guv'nor" in an Assyrian music hall, supposedly 2,800 years and two months ago.

In her enthusiastic singing of "Le Rêve Passe" Miss Betty Balfour strikes an un-hackneyed note on the English stage, though this kind of patriotic song is unavoidable in Paris from Olympia to the Gaieté Mont Parnasse. How is it that révues in France have maintained its high quality of wit and satire during many years since its first appearance on



Portrait by Bertram Park

On to the Queen's Theatre  
the announcement that  
Irene Vanbrugh is ap-  
pearing in the title rôle of  
Pomeroy's *Reputation*,  
in playgoers are not  
surprised. The whole  
of the play, full of  
interesting situations and witty  
sarcasm, is well sustained by  
the acting of its clever leading  
lady.

the Parisian stage? Whereas in London after the first few successes, revues, farces, and audiences (with rare exceptions), seem to have combined together to combat any forward movement that might possibly distract our placid enjoyment of the amusement of our choice. Having found an easy form of entertainment, adequate and suited to most of our tastes, we return unceasingly and uncritically to witness its reappearance, newly and charmingly garbed, but lamentably lacking in freshness of idea. The French make little effort at spectacular effect, beauty choruses are rare, and, as a rule, the dancing is indifferent, but on leaving the Palais Royal or the Capucines it is usually not the fault of the revue if one has not fully appreciated its wit, humour, and fine satire, and the general chic with which it is produced. The Parisians have naturally active brains themselves, and are not averse to using them a little even in their revues, and they definitely demand the evidence in the talk and gestures of their entertainers—hence the sustained qualities of their revues. Were we as mentally as we are spectacularly enterprising, our revues might reach a zenith of excellence hitherto undreamt, as London possesses some of the prettiest maids

Miss Marianne Peake is one of the many pretty girls in "Airs and Graces," and sings delightfully. She also has a little entertaining chat with "Mrs. Pringle," in which she is the recipient of the latter's confidences—a most amusing conversation. "Airs and Graces," Mr. Alfred Butt's latest Palace production, is full of such incidents.

(Right, above) Like her sister, Miss Irene Vanbrugh is always welcomed in a new rôle, and she can't help taking possession in "His Excellency the Governor," though the part of Stella gives all too little scope for her abilities. This '8 farce, which is being revived at the New Theatre, is excellently preserved.

(Right) Miss Eve Balfour, who writes film plays as well as acts in them, has been rehearsing in "All the World's a Stage"



Three Portraits by Hugh Cecil





With such a name for her inheritance, Miss Muriel Martin Harvey, the daughter of the eminent actor, needs no introduction to her audiences. But Miss Martin Harvey has scored several successes on her own account by sheer merit of her talent and charming ways. At present she is touring with Mr. Cyril Maude's company in America, where she has been for some months, and it is to her credit that she is winning all hearts wherever she goes.

The war has given us the opportunity to see some of our stage favourites more frequently than of yore, since so many respond generously to the insistent cry of Charity, and give their best for her cause. Miss Jane Forestier, the dancer, has been seen at several such entertainments, and recently appeared at a matinée concert held during the National Baby Week. Miss Forestier, who is now resting from her public work, hopes to appear in the West End in the autumn.

(Right, above) Miss Fay Lilmar, the "baby" of the Gaiety, is the youngest actress who has ever been engaged to play a part at this theatre. She also played the leading part in the late Mrs. Percy Dearmer's well-known play, "The Cockyolli Bird," and has been seen at the Palladium and other West End theatres with her brother Roy. She is the granddaughter of the late Sir Augustus Hemming, K.C.M.G., Governor of Jamaica.



THREE YOUTHFUL STAGE FAVOURITES WHOSE FEET

WILL SURELY DANCE ALONG THE PATH OF SUCC-

CESS WITH THE AID OF THEIR TALENT AND CHARM

Photographs by Bertram



The cottage atmosphere in this delightfully old-world room has been considered and enhanced. The room has every evidence of the simple and fitting taste of its owner. The troublesome problem of a brown wood piano in a white room has been simply overcome by painting it as white as the walls



With oak-beamed walls and an oak floor the fate of this bedroom is secure, as it possesses the one invaluable asset—repose. Old-fashioned chintz curtains deck the windows, and the bed is spread with a patchwork quilt washed and faded to a soft uniform tone, blending with the pale pink of the walls

## A TYPICAL COTTAGE of the ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE

Old-World Chintzes and Prints Find Their Home In a Country Cottage

OLD English cottages that have calmly withstood the vicissitudes of two or three hundred years have a strong charm and atmosphere of their own, which seems inseparable from their age, copy as we will. They are not easy to procure, but when found, with a little arrangement, they become a most delightful country dwelling. Their interesting timber work, their proportions, and the size and shape of their wide fireplaces, are all natural advantages which set their happy possessors half-way along the path to a seemly and pleasant arrangement of their possessions.

The problem of furnishing is best solved by strict regard for cottage atmosphere. Nothing will come of independent schemes, which, leaving the cottage out of consideration, decide to impose upon it the expression of quite another kind of existence. In the rooms which show oak beams, in the walls, or on the ceiling, the intervening plaster should be washed, banded with umber, cream, or some other pale colour. A faint bluish rose is charming for bedrooms; the floors, which are usually of oak boards, red bricks, or white flags, should have some simple kind of covering such as "rag" mats, but it is preferable, if possible, to have the actual floor bare with just the corner near the



(Centre) The proverbial cottage garden is here in all its glory. Lavender, sweet-william, larkspur, and marigolds bloom on either side of the stone-paved path, which restrains the intrusions of over-bold flowers by means of a small and neatly clipped box hedge.

Rural Architecture Sets The Note For Its Own Furnishings and Fixtures

fire cosily covered. Curtains, chair covers, and cushions should be carefully considered. In England there are so many reproductions of little old-fashioned designs, rescued from the quiet oblivion of our great-grandmother's day, that one has a boundless choice for linens and chintzes. For bedrooms, simple lilac prints lined with a tiny lilac check and bound with coloured cotton braid are attractive and clean looking, their little composed air of having given up the race with fashion and the world is very charming, and they are fit companions for the patchwork bed-quilts, their many colours washed and faded to a soft uniform tone. A solution of the Chinese puzzle of conveying wooden wardrobes up cottage stairways is the use of wide shelves fixed to the wall. Hung with voluminous starchy chintz curtains, they are just as efficacious and a much fresher, prettier sight.

Downstairs in the living-room, inside the open fireplace, and on the mantelshelf there is a good opportunity for placing brass or copper. Warming pans are in their right place hung on the walls near the fire, and large copper cans for water, or to hold coals or wood, gleam cosily in the firelight. The cheery chintz frill across the chimney is the last touch to complete a real cottage fireplace.

The open fireplace of the living room gives opportunity for the display of copper and brass. Warming pans and hot-water cans are in their right places near the fire, and on the mantelpiece candlesticks, jugs, and a Spanish colate pot make an amusing diversion.

## THOSE THINGS THAT ARE

BORN TO BE UNSEEN OR BLUSH.

PREMET MAKES UNSUBSTAN-

TIAL BUT VERY VERY ADEQUATE

In Paris, where they have poetic license to do whatever they please with ribbons, they put a bright blue one right around the bottom of a lace-trimmed rose voile slip, and then ran another one like it around the waist-line under the pleats

The Parisienne's soul colour is a delicate rose—she admits it. You may be inclined to think that the rose colour you see is merely the rose voile lining of her embroidered white tulle négligée, but the Parisienne insists that it is her aura



When the Parisienne makes up her mind to "try her hand" at colour she stops at nothing. This was but a mere slip of white organdie until she had it embroidered with red flowers and trimmed with yellow ribbon

This is a sort of last word on the Parisienne and what she wears; it's her nightgown. In this case she prefers to retire in rose voile, all pleated into a top of white linon

It took white tulle for the bodice and white organdie for the skirt, to make this slip do what it does to-day. Rose ribbon is run through a casing of organdie; it goes all around the skirt and ends in a bow



To Berthe Hermance was given the idea of putting whorls of grey embroidery on a rose jersey suit

THUS DO LELONG AND  
BERTHE HERMANCE  
EMBROIDER THE SIM-  
PLE FACTS ABOUT SILK,  
SERGE, AND JERSEY



Give Berthe Hermance some grey jersey, and she'll add plaid collar and cuffs, and come to this result

Blue satin, blue mouseline, and grey embroidery—it took Berthe Hermance to put them together



There are just blue serge frocks, and then there's a Lelong blue serge frock; that has grey embroidery and a satin collar that is grey, too

A Lelong frock of blue chambon taffeta is striped broadly with white, which, in turn, is striped narrowly with black. It is collared with organza

Over a simple white satin gown Lelong slipped a cloud of black mouseline; then embroidered one sash—*as a final touch of sophistication*

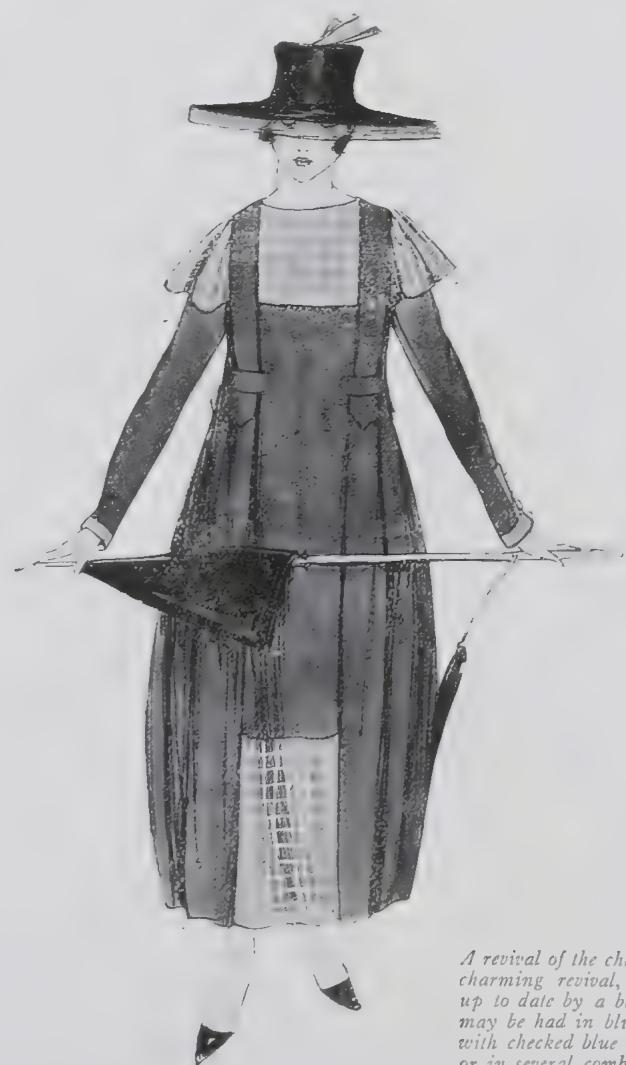
IN JULY A WOMAN'S CHEQUE  
BOOK WISELY TURNS TO COALS  
AND FURS. THAT'S ONE OF  
THE LESSONS OF WAR-TIME



*She who dislikes the shapelessness of the ordinary fur coat will rejoice in a coney seal model of graceful and youthful line, with gathered pipings, and a high waistline edged with eroseum. Furs bought from this firm in summer will be stored free of charge*

VOGUE  
PREPAREDNESS IS ONE OF  
THE LESSONS WE HAVE ALL  
BEEN LEARNING HARD OF LATE,  
SO WHY NOT LOOK AHEAD?

*Furs and coats are daily becoming more and more expensive; the wise woman buys them now, anticipating winter with the happy thought that a coat in the wardrobe is worth two elsewhere. Soft neutre comprises the body of this coat, skunk borders the edge and collar*



*A long stole and barrel muff of delicately shaded fitch, into which is blended a skunk border. Furs on this page from the Wholesale Fur Co.*

*A revival of the chemise frock, but a charming revival, brought strictly up to date by a barrel skirt. This may be had in blue serge, finished with checked blue and white taffeta, or in several combinations of linen*



*The designer introduced an elongated vest into this grey sponge cloth frock—a successful experiment. Emerald green cross-stitch, hand worked, and a smoked pearl buckle combine the trimming. Gowns from Ninette*



*It's strange,—they can take a little slip of a cream and white checked serge dress with no particular air at all, put a woven tan cord belt and tan tassels on it, and it assumes one of those nonchalant lady Vere de Vere attitudes. The rose velvet and Georgette crêpe hat helps too*

*It's pale green linen, and the lines are cords of a deeper green. The simple collar and cuffs of white piqué just naturally call for a black patent leather belt: white piqué always does. There's a hat to go with this, and it's tan straw, all banded with a wide Roman striped ribbon*



THERE ARE MANY WAYS OF KEEPING  
COOL, BUT ONE OF THE MOST CHARMING  
METHODS IS THAT OF SURROUNDING ONE-  
SELF WITH HATS AND FROCKS LIKE THESE

*(Below) When they go and make it of black and white chiffon and trim it with bands of plain black chiffon, it's famous before it starts to do any thing at all. There's only one kind of hat that could really understand a dress like this, and that's a black lace, faced with black satin, and there's only one kind of belt which should be worn with it, and that's a belt of jet beads, hand-woven*

*(Below) In this July weather, the big achievement is to get into a costume that will make you feel both cool and well dressed for the occasion. This frock of apricot coloured cotton crêpe is certainly cool, and as for the well-dressed part —well, the frock is trimmed with grey cotton embroidery and grey grosgrain ribbon, and the hat has a brim of American beauty chiffon*



BY GREAT GOOD FORTUNE FOR THE MODE

IT IS ALWAYS SUMMER-TIME SOMEWHERE, BUT

IT IS FROCKS LIKE THESE THAT MAKE US

WISH IT WERE ALWAYS SUMMER-TIME HERE



*Sir Walter Raleigh introduced us to tobacco, Rodier to wool jersey. Future generations must decide whether the quiet engendered by the one exceeds the conscious ease begotten by the other. Nattier blue jersey, a black grosgrain ribbon tie, and wool embroidery are all that go to the making of this simply effective frock*



GOWNS FROM HARVEY NICHOLS

*"In building," says Mr. Galsworthy, "a house or a social structure, it's the foundations that matter." The same holds good with a gown. Navy blue crêpe forms the foundation of this frock, light grey crêpe and blue buttons embroidered in grey silk complete the ornamentation. The pink felt hat, banded with black and white gingham ribbon, from Estelle Durand*



*"I don't want to dwell beside the untrdden ways," she pleaded; "it's so dull, and white cotton voile positively screams for the country." So tan stripes were added to her skirt, collar, and cuffs; and mauve and tan flowers to her bodice. Thus clad she confidently faced a West-end broadside*

## SMART FASHIONS for LIMITED INCOMES

EVEN in hot weather, very hot weather, fashion makes her demands, and if one must be smart, no matter how high the thermometer, there is nothing like organdie to be smart in. The greatest mistake is to look as though you were conscious of the heat—one must ignore it, and the fact of wearing a frock of organdie—especially in some of the charming pastel shades that seem to associate themselves with the long summer twilights, makes that task easier. Organdie may be made into the most charming of frocks for both afternoon and informal evening wear.

The sketch at the left in the middle of this page gives an idea of how very attractive a simple frock, without the faintest suggestion of lace or ornament, may be, when its material is organdie. Tucks, cordings, and bows of the organdie are the only trimming the frock is allowed and it is more than satisfied. The line of the round neck is softened by a narrow pleated ruching of picot-edged organdie and finished with a narrow cording, which ends in a tiny bow. The frock buttons in the back with white pearl buttons. The panniers are in reality a second skirt which is slit open at the front, picoted on the outer edges, and doubled back to the girdle, where it is held in place by a band of the material, which ties in another tiny bow. The frock would be particularly charming in pale orchid or almost any other light shade.

BRAVO, MERRY CLOWN

Summer is a merry clown that is playing all sorts of tricks upon us, but most of the tricks are so charming that one forgives his buffoonery. Now this combination of organdie and a more substantial material, while unusual, is not at all infrequent this season. For afternoon wear, many smart frocks of taffeta and foulard boast extravagant ruffles, long-waisted bodices, and crisp facings, all of organdie. And, latest of all, is a model

Even Hot Weather Insists Stubbornly That  
We Be Smart—and Organdie Is the Coolest  
of All Possible Things to Be Smart In

... may prevent our ...  
even at the end of this exhib...  
period, with a heterogeneous collect...  
of articles charming in themselves b...  
utterly unsuitable for wear with an...  
other item of our wardrobe.  
Thus, the importance of the sports  
skirt and the rules by which it may be-  
come a useful member of a charming and  
harmonious toilette established, there re-  
mains but to exercise a little ingenuity and  
discrimination in the search of the same.  
To this end the Vogue Shopping  
Service, ever anxious to place its ex-  
ceptional opportunities and experience  
at the disposal of our readers, has been  
doing its bit, and two charming results  
of its efforts are shown to the left and  
right respectively at the top of  
this page. The skirt to the right may be had in flax,  
linen, or flowered cretonne, in  
a variety of pleasing colours  
for £3 13s. 6d. or in serge for  
£4 14s. 6d. A more habillé  
version in soft satin costs  
£5 5s. The other skirt, to  
the left, may be had in a  
pale blue and white check  
with white bone buttons, as  
here featured, for £3 19s. 6d.,  
and in several other woollen  
materials, plain or fancy,  
covering a wide variety of  
occasions.

NOTE. — Articles men-  
tioned on these pages may  
be procured on requi-  
site through the Shopping Se-  
rvice of *Vogue*. Address:  
*Vogue* Shopping Ser-  
vice Rolls House, Bream's Bui-  
ldings, E.C.



(Left, above) Every woman loves a "check"—cash it or wear it whichever you please. Of pale blue and white woollen material is this example of a checked skirt.  
She of the cool white organdie tucked and corded and bowed, has, by chance, met her friend and is admiring her suit of balsam green tussore silk. The coat really is superhumanly clever—with a few manipulations of the buttons, it becomes a cape



Green satin and white organdie leave their distant homes to unite on this cosmopolitan frock. Puffed sleeves of organdie are welcome

The kind designer who thought of a black lace frock and a black lace hat for afternoon wear was certainly in sympathy with hot weather fashions. A costume like this is especially desirable for a limited income, as it fills so many needs and it is becoming to all types, either blonde or brunette. In black too, one always feels appropriately gowned and not to feel appropriately gowned is the most exquisite of social tortures. The costume sketched at the lower right on this page is one of the correct ways to dress oneself when dining on a summer roof-garden or in a restaurant or a million other places that one might mention.

This black lace hat and frock have discovered the magic art of looking expensive—and the much more magic art of not really being it

Although at first glance, the gown seems elaborate, it really may be achieved surprisingly inexpensively. The foundation is of that dependable black chiffon or net, and over this is a full straight skirt of black lace. The charming bodice is nothing but a short Eton jacket of the lace, cut away at the front, and made with wide straight sleeves. The girdle and the bouquet which ornament the bodice could be of satin in almost any colour one wished.

## TO THE EVER FAITHFUL TAILORED SUIT

A sack suit with loose straight lines is particularly pleasant to think about in hot weather, and the one illustrated at the right in the middle of the page has a charm all its own and of its own. The material is balsam green tussore silk—as cool looking as green leaves. The coat is one of those almost magic coats, the sleeves, unbuttoned and fastened to the sides of the coat, makes it into a cape. The vest, the rolling collar, and the buttons are of fine white piqué. In the motor, at the country club, or in town, a suit of this kind is a valuable asset of the smart wardrobe. One might say that a tailor-made suit of any kind is a necessity. If one were obliged to eliminate all but one costume from one's wardrobe the tailor-made suit would be the very last to go. How women of Japan and China and Zululand do without them, is a thing that is hard to understand. The women of England will never say a long farewell to all their greatness.

Straight lines still continue to be the lines; therefore loose sack coats, whether Eton or hip-length, are the coats. One can count on straight lines for the autumn and it is comforting to be sure of one of fashion's changing moods. Straight lines, too, are charitable to one's own lines, if they do not happen to be just the right sort. The hospitable doors of our mind are open to these sack coats—true friends of the too fat, true friends of the too thin



## The YOUNGER GENERATION



It's like playing lady to wear a grown-up skirt of blue chambray and a dimity bodice cross-stitched in blue. The gathered pockets add to the efficiency, and the piqué hat with its gathered brim gives one a clear outlook upon



Of course she will be the belle of the ball. Her dress of white nainsook, with its rows of tiny tucks and Valenciennes lace, has two important pockets on the skirt. She's sorry the back of her dress doesn't show, for she is the proud possessor of a pink sash



the brown and black cross-stitched sash-crumps that fall from the pockets on the girl's pink chambray dress. The hat starts white and then, when it arrives at the door, decides suddenly that it will be black.



What duck wouldn't be proud to walk with a little girl wearing a cross barred dimity dress with collar and cuffs and belt of jade green linen. The brown chenille on the crown of the milan straw hat matches the brim of brown milan straw

This frock of blue chambray for the beach has collar and cuffs of white dimity, bound in rose stitching, and a deep yoke featherstitched in the same shade. One cannot blame this army of ever-blooming bouquets for invading the cotton crépe sunbonnet

## S E E N i n t h e L O N D O N S H O P S

As Varied As The Degrees Fahrenheit Are Our Summer Sports Skirts — Frocks Which Require No Official Label To Establish Them In Society

THE advent of real summer, of that period which in pre-war days we called holiday time, brings an ever recurrent demand for something new in sports skirts. When one comes to think of it, the sports skirt is probably the most important item of our holiday wardrobe. In it we pass the larger portion of our country days, whether these be spent on the promenade of some more or less fashionable seaside resort, playing tennis on our own peaceful lawn, or in the languid punt. Indeed, the well-dressed but economically-minded woman may calculate that with two or three smart and original sports skirts, several well-cut blouses on tailored lines, the ubiquitous sweater, and a considerable change of hats, her summer peace of mind is assured. There is one important consideration, however, not to be overlooked in the assembling of this otherwise simple wardrobe, and that is the correct colour relation between the various garments. There is nothing more disastrous to a smart appearance than the promiscuous picking up of odd garments, purchased because they are cheap at the moment, or for their individual charm alone without any regard to an eventual harmonious whole. The individual items of a toilette should never be allowed to assume too distinct a personality, and the best-dressed woman, whatever her income, will always be the one who adheres most strictly to this rule. Sale time, with its astonishing bargains, is an ever recur-

ring pitfall to the unwary, but the exercise of a little foresight and common sense may prevent our being found, even at the end of this exhilarating period, with a heterogeneous collection of articles charming in themselves but utterly unsuitable for wear with any other item of our wardrobe.

Thus, the importance of the sports skirt and the rules by which it may become a useful member of a charming and harmonious toilette established, there remains but to exercise a little ingenuity and discrimination in the search of the same.

To this end the *Vogue* Shopping Service, ever anxious to place its exceptional opportunities and experience at the disposal of our readers, has been doing its bit, and two charming results of its efforts are shown to the left and right respectively at the top of this page. The skirt to the right may be had in flax, linen, or flowered cretonne, in a variety of pleasing colours for £3 13s. 6d. or in serge for £4 14s. 6d. A more habillé version in soft satin costs £5 5s. The other skirt, to the left, may be had in a pale blue and white check with white bone buttons, as here featured, for £3 19s. 6d., and in several other woollen materials, plain or fancy, covering a wide variety of occasions.

NOTE. — Articles mentioned on these pages may be procured on request through the Shopping Service of *Vogue*. Address—*Vogue* Shopping Service, R. H. House, Bream's Buildings, E.C.



(Left, above) Every woman loves a "check"—cash it or wear it whichever you please. Of pale blue and white woollen material is this example of a checked skirt. The lines appear diagonally on the yoke and parallel below the large white bone buttons. Price £3 19s. 6d.



(Right, above) Couturiers can't always be direct. Sometimes they are forced to embody the advantage of delusion. Witness this washing skirt which, laced with black grosgrain ribbons, looks exactly like a frock. In flax, linen, and cretonne Price £3 13s. 6d.

(Centre, above) Stealing a march on the chameleon this little bag of changing silk is striped with bands of fine sown beads, each band varying in colour from its neighbour, an arrangement which adds to the use of the bag as well as its beauty, as it may be carried successfully with almost any gown. Price £2 12s. 6d.

(Left) For the woman who can look her best in pink are reserved joys denied to thousands. Joy is an elusive child with "finger ever on lip bidding adieu," but catch him, and he will take the shape of a simple frock of pink cotton crêpe with self-coloured silk braid buttons and silk stitching. A joy that will not fade. Price £3 19s. 6d.

(Right) Who said "There is nothing new under the sun?" Some sadly ignorant person anyway, for this navy blue serge frock is new—new from collar to hem. Black soutache braid forms the belt and appears in two bands on the skirt, leaving the space between to turquoise blue stitching. The collar is of white piqué. Price £7 17s. 6d.





No self-respecting woman ever grows old, any more; she just gracefully ceases to be young. Her costume helps her to do it,—especially if her costume happens to be a frock of grey satin over a black satin underskirt



Grace of line is the first essential, and it can be done even in a tailored suit, if one follows the example of this suit in light tussore collared with black satin. A one-blue satin trill tops the simple black satin hat



Soft materials do kind things to one's figure, and soft colours do flattering things to one's complexion,—and so one chooses a gown of grey foulard striped white and mauve, and matched with revers of purple satin



A dozen of dark blue satin draped in long graceful folds is lined and collared with brown satin; it's extremely odd, and it's also extremely charming, and what more could any woman want?

COSTUMES LIKE THESE ARE CHOSEN BY THE WOMAN WHO GRACEFULLY CEASES TO BE YOUNG



A blue serge suit is the common meeting-ground for all ages. It can be the most dashing of garments, or the most dignified; if it's to be most dignified, it's cut on these lines and banded with black satin



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FOR the effective retention of Health—Beauty High Frequency Electric Currents, combined with the Ozone produced, are unsurpassed—absolutely revitalizing and bracing.

**Hair Culture.**

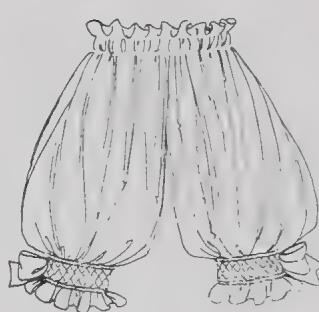
UNQUESTIONABLY the only medium of obtaining and retaining a perfect head of hair—soft and brilliant—free from dandruff or other scalp troubles.

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SET  
FROM  
NINETTE

This little chemise, knowing the potency of beauty unadorned, limits its decoration to a band of smocking on rose crêpe de Chine held in place by two ribbon shoulder-straps

A new feature in night-gowns is the waist-girdle threaded through little pleats, kept in their place by touches of smocking; the square neck and sleeves are also smocked

#### SMOCKING CATCHES NOVELTY IN THE FOLDS

#### OF ROSE CRÊPE DE CHINE UNDERWEAR

(Right) This filmy little underslip deserves to be surmounted by an equally light and pretty gown. Net flounces bordered with lace ruffle the skirt, the upper part of which is thrice wreathed with tiny roses

(Centre above) It has been discovered that for town-dwellers pale rose crêpe de Chine underwear is essentially practical. It is dainty and becoming, and stands the every test of washing with perfect equanimity



By Appt. to  
H.M. the Queen.

### Lingerie Originations in Distinctive Styles for Individual Customers

GOOD taste and common sense prescribe soft lingerie of Crêpe de Chine bearing in every line the infallible distinction of Paris. Charming and decorous, this lingerie does not rumple with the wearer's movements, and she may rest assured that under her pretty frock dainty garments remain in exquisite order.



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Pink  
Ribene.  
Prices  
from  
**3½**  
Guineas.



Trousseaux & Outfits for India.

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Almost on the corner of Regent Street.

# ECONOMY as a LUXURY

## A West-end Palace of Delight for Ladies

By CADO ACEY.

**E**CONOMIZE, economize, and again economize. On every hand the appeal is made. Food, dress, travelling—in fact, we are urged in the National interest to minimize our expenditure in every direction.

Women have themselves been splendid in these troublous times, and have unhesitatingly set to retrench their outlay on personal adornment, and in this connexion I have indeed good news to tell.

I have discovered how to economize *luxuriantly*. How to halve my expenditure on frocks, coats, etc., and yet dress as a sybarite. I do not wish to keep my discovery—for discovery it is—to myself, but wish to share it with other women economists.

Passing along Coventry Street, "the hub of the West-end," I was arrested by the wonderful display of exquisite models in the windows of the new Maxson's Magasin. Their beauty of outline, their delicacy of colouring, their perfection of cut and style, and the delightful *tout ensemble* of everything displayed, riveted my attention. Very slowly I progressed past the windows—critically I examined the creations offered for the adornment of my sex. I noted the marked prices, and I marvelled.

I was curious to know just "how it could be done," so I entered and asked to see the principal. Introducing myself, I asked if it were really a fact that the models shown were to be actually sold at the marked prices, or were they offering to make "something like them" for the price? "Oh dear no," said the proprietor, "anything you fancy from the window shall be taken out immediately and sent home to you, or you may take it with you if you prefer. In fact, the larger part of our sales are taken direct from the window, because people cannot credit that such goods can be sold for the prices marked. We keep a staff of expert window dressers expressly to rearrange the display as disturbed, and substitute another of our gowns for the one removed."

"But how do you manage to do it?" said I. "There is no mystery," said Mr. Maxson. "When I first opened the Magasins Maxson I set myself a high ideal. I determined to unite the Rue de la Paix with a city warehouse. To provide the style, cut, and *chic* of the Parisian temples of fashion with the price of a London wholesale warehouse I built and equipped my own up-to-date workshops, secured the best possible creative artists and designers, the most skilful cutters, and the most capable staff of workpeople. Where the usual West-end modiste sold a gown I set myself to sell twenty. I determined to secure such a volume of patronage that I could conduct everything on the wholesale scale, and in all cases to be the actual manufacturer, giving the benefit to the public."

A particular frock had caught my attention and I asked to see it. In a moment it was taken from its stand in the window. I felt its exquisite texture, I examined its perfect finish, I looked for just those little details which appeal to the discriminating, I marvelled at its faultless cut, and then I again looked at the plain priced ticket thinking I *must* have been mistaken. But no; the price, incredibly low as it seemed to me, was quite correct, and I secured that bargain.

A constant stream of people, intent on similar errands, passed me continually. Gowns, coats, wraps were critically examined and bought with a freedom I never before had witnessed. The volume of business must be enormous, and the quantities in which the firm can make purchases of materials go a long way to realize Mr. Maxson's ideal—value of a wholesale warehouse; style hitherto obtainable only in the Place Vendôme or the Rue de la Paix. I understood.

I could not help remark on the dainty freshness of every article, and Mr. Maxson explained: "You see, nothing has time to get stale or soiled. My models sell as fast as my factory can turn them out, and new stock arrives daily, sometimes three or four times daily. You see the stream of purchasers; but, if you would like to see what business *can* be like, come here any day while the sale lasts."

"Twice yearly I have these sales, and every article of every kind has to go. Model gowns at £6 6s. are sold as low as 30/-, and a frock at 4½ guineas would be marked as low as 20/-. I need not tell you that everything is cleared and I start with a clean slate. The last sale was so enormously successful that police had to marshal the eager throngs, and the establishment had to be periodically closed."

I felt indeed that Maxson's were assisting the nation to economize, and that "Truth," when it declared that "Maxson's garments represent a full 50 per cent. saving, Mr. Maxson may claim not only to be assisting women to economize, but to make economy a pleasure instead of a sacrifice."

"Truth" had spoken, and verily "Truth" had spoken truth. I for one, shall not miss that sale, nor should you.

**SALE NOW PROCEEDING.**

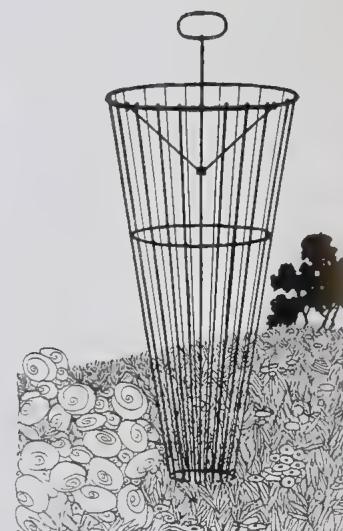
(Upper middle) All this getting back to nature is all right, but when we want to get back to civilization, "mother earth" must be removed from our boots; scraper of dull iron 16 inches high



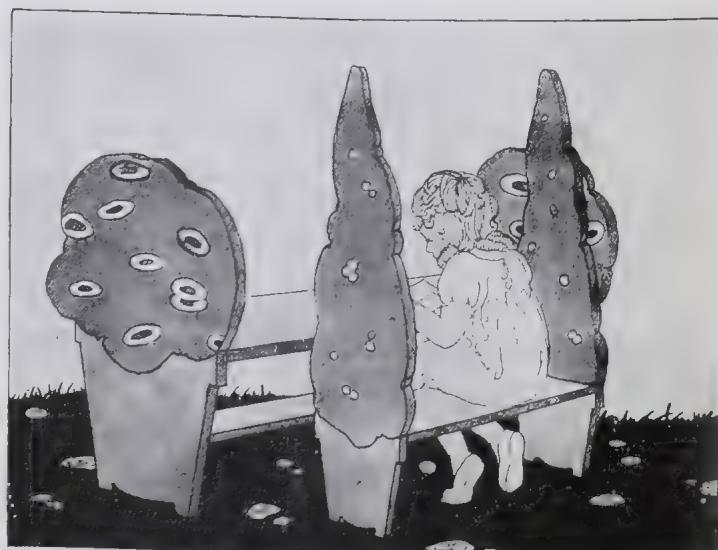
## TRY THESE on Your GARDEN



Some people have been known to take to gardening as a transparent excuse to wear this useful apron of black and white cretonne, flowered orange and blue, with pockets and binding of black oilcloth around its edge



The garden is always grateful for a scrap-basket; it has such a neat clean feeling when there's one around. One of iron has spikes to stick in the ground and hold it fast; 3 ft. 6 in. high



It's very easy to lose oneself in an impenetrable forest and a favourite story book when one has this garden bench and table of wood, painted red and green and earthy colours. They have no sharp edges. The bench with seat is 11 inches high, and the table is 30 inches long

## Hold up the Mirror to the Mouth.

THE PAIN WE ENDURE.  
THE PENALTY WE PAY.

By A. AHUMADA

"FOR there was never yet philosopher that could endure the toothache patiently."

Every reader is, of course, familiar with the above quotation; but suppose we could all "endure the toothache patiently," the neglect would be still more prevalent, and what a catastrophe to humanity, what a motley lot we would be, what a dyspeptic, disgruntled, disagreeable assortment of human beings!

And would it be surprising? If the system is nourished by what we eat, if, by the process of mastication, we prepare our food for the stomach by grinding it into a pulp before swallowing, so that it may be digested and by the mechanical process of nature made to nourish the system, is it not evident that the entire body depends on proper mastication?

This being granted, if our teeth are decayed and painful, perhaps entirely gone, with what are we to masticate our food?

### The Great Majority

It is true that the science of dentistry has enabled one to replace artificially every tooth in one's head, and it is marvellous how many of us have permitted ourselves by dire necessity to be forced into this artificiality of teeth, simply because of neglect. It is tantamount to paying cent. per cent. interest per annum on a borrowed sum of money for a lifetime, while able to repay the principal, but instead prefer to squander it wilfully on this, that, or the other.

It was Mr. Goldberg, of 27 New Cavendish Street, Harley Street, W.—one of the greatest exponents of bridge work, and one of the first to introduce this method to the entire satisfaction of his many patients—who prompted me, by his interesting observations on the care of the teeth, to argue thus with thousands of readers in need of such wonderfully skilled dental work as he practises. A master of his profession to the last word, I regretted the termination of my very short sitting, during which he revealed some of the wonders of dental science, and I wondered at the dilatoriness of the very great majority when it comes to the question of their teeth.

### The Penalty must be Paid

I thought then, and I think now, how and why it is that we are all so prone to suffer the penalty of lost teeth, merely from neglect, when a few minutes, or even hours, of attention by such a skilful master of his profession, or any dental specialist whose services we may prefer, could have saved them.

False teeth are all right if we must have them, but why neglect the teeth until it becomes imperative to have them extracted and substituted by false ones, until so many are gone that a plate is absolutely necessary?

If, on the first appearance of a small cavity, the teeth are treated and filled, a great deal of pain, time, and money would be saved us to say nothing of health, which is rapidly undermined by the existence of decayed teeth in the mouth.

Pain in connection with dentistry is a thing of the past, and there is no one who can prove this to the most sensitive, the most nervous individual better than Mr. Goldberg, of 27 New Cavendish Street, London. His personality alone is the greatest possible assurance of this. It assures one that he is a master of his profession, while his work is the best example of the progress in the science of dentistry, whether it be a painless extraction, filling a crown, a bridge, or—the inevitable and last resort of those who neglect their teeth—a plate.

We should all bear in mind that while we deny ourselves the comfort of sound and well-kept teeth we are also denying ourselves of perfect health, robbing ourselves of the nourishment of the food we eat, and martyring our stomachs, blood, and nerves. "Hold up the mirror to your mouth."

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Photo: Miss Gina Fierme  
by H. Rother & Sons.

"It is trying to a woman's patience," writes a lady, "to find that the Tulle one was told in the shop was rainproof went all anywhere at the first sight of rain. It took me a long time to find the Tulle that really is rain-proof—Dynamo—and it will take a long time before I accept any other kind again."

NEVER accept an imitation in place of Dynamo Rainproof Tulle—there is no need to.

And the difference in durability is so great that it is worth a little trouble to be sure you get the genuine.

Dynamo Tulle is not only rain-proof. It is sunproof. It is colourfast. It is fadeless. Any lady who has tried it will tell you that Dynamo is by far the most durable and economical Tulle you can get.

### Dynamo Tulle Scarves

For Scarves, Dynamo is the one Tulle which gives you that sheer, crisp, fresh-looking effect, and adds that distinctive touch of smartness which ladies so much admire. You will need a scarf for the seaside—be sure it is made of "Dynamo" Tulle. It is wonderfully durable—it can be worn over and over again.

Ask for Dynamo Rainproof Tulle—and see that you get it. Every shop can supply—there is no shortage.

### Dynamo RAINPROOF Tulle

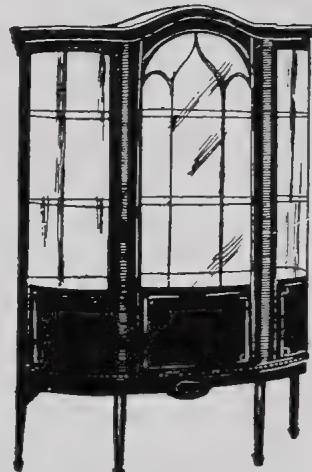
25 inches wide. In Black, White, and all shades, including the latest fashion shade of Jade, Citron, Mauve, Hebe, Pinks, Sky, Champagne, Green, Old Rose, Putty, Nigger, Bottie Green, Saxe, etc.

8d. 9d. 10d. 1/0d. per yard upwards.

Dynamo Rainproof Tulle is stocked by leading Drapers and Milliners throughout London and Provinces.

If any difficulty in obtaining, send P.O. stating quantity, colour, and price per yard to "Dynamo" Dept. 21, 52-53 Cheapside, London, E.C. 2, who will see you are immediately supplied.

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Cream or Lotion.  
Use now for Sunburn.

## GREASELESS CREAM

MILK is the only fat used in preparation of this Cream. No one need fear superfluous hair.



## PATON'S BOOT & SHOE LACES

Like most people you have probably been content to accept any Boot Laces that were offered you

And so you have experienced the annoyance of having to continually replace your laces. The next time you are buying ask for Paton's Laces. These will not only give you long service but will enhance the appearance of your boots. They keep their shape and their appearance, for the dyes are fast, and the knot will not come untied. You cannot realise what a difference there is between Paton Laces and the ordinary kind until you have tried them.

Boot Laces for Ladies' and Gent's wear	2d. & 3d. per pair.
Shoe Laces (flat & tubular)	do 3d. "
Leather Laces	do 4d. & 6d. "

BRITISH MADE THROUGHOUT.

Your own boot dealer can supply you if you insist upon Paton's

Wm. PATON LTD. Johnstone SCOTLAND

G 11

## TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES

Mr. Edmund Gosse Prospects for Treasure Amongst Swinburne's Papers—and Finds It. Mammon, Mars, and Marmaduke. Woman's Fine War Record

THE ways of genius are strange, and the artist is the most eccentric of men of genius, the poet the most wayward of the artists. Every one has heard of the bard whose only stationery was his bus tickets, so that he could never write anything longer than a triplet until a friend found him an extraordinarily fine pen wherewith he luxuriated in sonnets and rondeaux to the end of his days. Then there was the singer who lived by the sea, and used to go down to the shore at low tide and inscribe his inspirations in the sand with a walking stick. When he returned next day and found the sand smooth and printless, he took it for a sign that his efforts were unworthy of preservation. Naturally, he is not very well known.

Neither of these peculiarities was Swinburne's. No one could accuse him of undue brevity or of parsimony in giving the world the benefit of his labours. But he had one curious habit in connexion with his manuscripts of which Mr. Edmund Gosse tells us in his introduction to the collection of "Posthumous Poems," which he has been editing with the assistance of the distinguished bibliophile, Mr. Thomas J. Wise. With the characteristic untidiness of the literary man, Swinburne would allow papers to accumulate on his table until the pile became overwhelming, and then would bundle them all together—letters, bills, circulars, and his own verses—tie them up in a newspaper and start afresh. At the time of his death there were dozens of such bundles ranged round his room, the accumulation of half a century. It must have been a pleasant if a laborious task to prospect for treasure in these deposits.

And treasure there was. The explorers did not draw blank, and the volume they have just given us is a real addition to Swinburne's already voluminous works. There are poems in it of all kinds, some written in early youth, some in almost the last year of the poet's life. There are memorial verses, such as he used so often to write to his dead friends or brother singers, thoughts of himself and of Tennyson, satire on Whistler and on Parry, with a dig at a reverend statesman whom he calls "Gladsniff." Then is a long ode to Mazzini not included in the famous volume in which he sang Italy and her great servant, and there are short lyric sketches, some of which, if they are not his most perfect, have a bouquet not to be savoured in the headier vintages of "Poems and Ballads." Then there is the poem on the death of Sir John Franklin, which, to its author's great chagrin, did not win the Newdigate, possibly because, with characteristic contempt of rules, it was not written in the prescribed metre. It is a splendid thing, better than any probable prize poem.

The descriptive passages, dark with Boreal mist and keen with polar cold, are an amazing product of the imagination of a boy who had never been farther north than his own Northumberland. But the most remarkable things in the book are the dozen Border ballads, which are so good that William Morris, fearing the interpolation of untraceable forgeries, would not let their author edit a series of the originals for the Kelmscott Press. Swinburne's faculty of imitation was marvellous, but his is something more than imitation. He came of an old Border house. His ancestors, as he was proud to remember, had ridden in many a foray. The root of the matter was in him. ("Posthumous Poems." By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Heinemann. 6s.)

Similar ancestral memories Mr. Zang-

will finds in the allegories of Miss Regina Miriam Bloch, "The Swine Gods and Other Visions," to which he contributes an introduction. "I cannot resist the suggestion," he writes, "that it is by a curious atavism that the racial spirit of this young Jewess has harked back to the apologies and parables of the Orient." Perhaps Mr. Zangwill, Zionist, rebel, and feminist as he is, has allowed his sympathies to get the better of his literary judgment in his valuation of Miss Bloch's work. We naturally appreciate those who share our point of view. Still, there is undeniable distinction about "The Swine Gods." Miss Bloch's vision is both coloured and incisive, and she has a fine scorn for all mean and brutal things. It is a pity that the publisher should have risked dissuading people from reading her book by swathing it in so peculiarly repulsive a wrapper. ("The Swine Gods." By Regina Miriam Bloch. John Rich mond. 3s. 6d. net.)

"The Swine Gods" is a war-book, the snouted deities being Mammon and Mars. Women are among their victims, but women have played more parts than one in this war. It is amusing to remember how in the old days the "antis" used to urge as one of their most cogent arguments, that woman could not fight. There have been Russian and Serbian heroines to give the lie to that, and even if the western nations have seen no Amazon brigade, women have done every kind of war-work but the actual killing. What they really have done tellingly and entertainingly set forth in a book published by the house of Harrap with a preface by Lady Jellicoe, and an eloquent introduction by Mr. Gilbert Stone. Herein you may read how as one profession after another felt the lack of the men who had downed tools and shouldered arms, the women stepped into the breach—and in some cases into the breeches—with the completest success. There are chapters on munition work and the land, "a postwoman's perambulations," banking, bus conducting, and van work, besides accounts of work more normally woman's, such as nursing and comforting; and as every chapter is written by one who has done the job under consideration, the book is a very vivid and human document. A splendid record, and all the more so that it is written so modestly and in such good spirits. ("Women War-Workers." By Representative Writers. Edited by Gilbert Stone. Harrap. 3s. 6d. net.)

But even the hardiest and the most zealous cannot always be at work, as those who write good stories to beguile the leisure of soldier or civilian are doing no mean war-service. Few people can tell a story better than Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, and "Marmaduke" is up to her mark. When we open a book by Mrs. Steel we usually find ourselves in the torrid atmosphere of India, but across the early pages of "Marmaduke" blow the bracing winds of Aberdeenshire. Later we are carried to the Crimea, and those who remember the treatment of the Mutiny in "On the Face of the Waters" will look for fine descriptions of Alma and Inkerman, the camps of Varna, and the hospitals of Scutari. Nor will they be disappointed. But perhaps the first part of the book is best. It is admirable romantic comedy of intrigue, and the wicked old Scots baron and the beguiling *danseuse* are delightful. Later on we are led in more serious ways and walk among improbabilities. But it is all good reading. ("Marmaduke." By Flora Annie Steel. Heinemann. 5s. net.)

## DULC-O-DO FOR PERSPIRATION

corrects excessive perspiration under the arms, etc., protecting clothing from stains and dampness and absolutely neutralises all odour. Try it wherever perspiration is annoying. Used three times a week gives complete relief. Dress Shields unnecessary. Booklet Free

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# URODONAL

## DISSOLVES URIC ACID

RHEUMATISM.  
GOUT.  
GRAVEL.  
ARTERIO-SCLEROSIS.  
NEURALGIA.  
SCIATICA.  
OBESITY.  
ACIDITY.

Price 5/- and 12/- per bottle.

Prepared at Chatelain's Laboratories, Paris. Obtainable from all Chemists, or direct, post free, from the British and Colonial Agents, **HEPPLELS**, Pharmacists, 164 Piccadilly, London, W. 1. Write for explanatory booklet.



### Rheumatism v. Gout.

There are two fundamental truths which act as guides in rheumatism. The first is that rheumatism is a disease caused through excess of uric acid in the same way as gout; the second is that rheumatism is a blood-impoverishing disease, and a disease that is met with in anaemic subjects. The term *asthenic gout*, which has been used to describe rheumatism, means that rheumatism is the gout of anaemic subjects, whereas ordinary gout is, on the contrary, the disease that affects people who eat and drink well.

Consequently the food-régime of a rheumatic subject must not be absolutely identical with that of a gouty subject. Both diseases are due to arthritism and malnutrition, and the introduction of uric acid with the food must be avoided in each case. It is necessary also in each case to dissolve and eliminate by means of URODONAL the excess of uric acid in the system. In rheumatism, a substantial diet is necessary to combat the accompanying anaemia, whereas in the case of gout a very light diet is required, a gouty subject generally being inclined to plethora.

*Extract from the "Treatise on Diet," by Prof. Paul Suard, late Physician to the French Hospital.*

The use of URODONAL is not contra-indicated in any case. It may be taken by ladies at all times, and also by those with a weak heart. It is non-toxic, and non-injurious to the stomach, kidneys, heart, or brain. Its use cannot under any circumstances cause the slightest discomfort, even when it is taken in large and repeated doses. (During acute attacks a bottle of Urodonal can quite conveniently be taken in the space of 48 hours.)

# GLOBEOL

*The Ideal Tonic*

ANÆMIA. DEBILITY. NERVOUS EXHAUSTION.  
BRAIN-FAG. CONVALESCENCE.



#### MEDICAL OPINION:

"I administered GLOBEOL to a patient suffering from anæmia, general debility, and violent headache. After a few days' treatment appetite returned and strength was increased, while the headache, which compelled the patient to remain in bed for several hours daily, entirely disappeared. There is no doubt whatever that GLOBEOL is a splendid tonic, and in this case proved more efficacious than any of the other remedies which had been tried."

Dr. T. B.,  
Santa Sofia,  
Florence  
(Italy)

"My dear, you must really take GLOBEOL, otherwise you will have a nervous breakdown."

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# JUBOL

*Physiological Laxative*

Constipation.  
Enteritis.  
Hæmorrhoids.  
Dyspepsia.  
Migraine

#### MEDICAL OPINION:

"As a result of the regular use of JUBOL, the most characteristic and refractory cases of chronic enteritis rapidly improve, and finally recover completely after a few weeks the symptoms abate, and gradually the parietic intestine recovers its tone and normal functions. We have known of several cases of complete recovery. It is really rational and effective treatment, and is undoubtedly destined to become the standard remedy for chronic enteritis."

Dr. THIBONNEAU,  
Cannes.



"Don't you forget to put a Box of Jubol in my bag."

"All the patient need do in order to be free from constipation is to swallow from one to three tablets of JUBOL. To sufferers from Hæmorrhoids the remedy is invaluable."

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Late Physician to  
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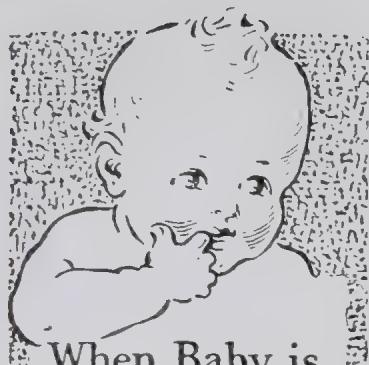
JUBOL is a rational laxative agent. It effects the re-education of the intestines by means of the fuci, biliary extracts, and active principles of all the intestinal glands of which it is composed, and by means of which it excites the functions of those glands. JUBOL only acts after a time, and gradually restores to the sluggish organ its normal functions.

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## AND NOW THE MAGPIE GARDEN

(Continued from page 34)



## When Baby is Teething

TEETHING is a worry to many mothers. The first group should appear between the sixth and eighth month. Delay is often a sign of backwardness in general nutrition and development. Attention to principles of feeding and health is imperative. Give Baby something hard to bite. The 'Alenburys' Rusks were introduced for this purpose; when eaten dry they mechanically aid the cutting of teeth.

Babies reared on the 'Alenburys' Foods Nos. 1, 2, 3 and Rusks thrive steadily from infancy to robust and healthy childhood.

# The Allenburys Foods

Develop sound teeth, firm flesh and strong bones.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London.



BRITISH MADE  
**SALASPIN**  
TRADE MARK  
REPLACES GERMAN ASPIRIN

FOR "HOWITZER" HEADACHE

—slip a bottle of "Salaspin" into your next parcel for the Front. A safe, sure relief. Medically prescribed dose instructions in each carton.

"SALASPIN" is the BRITISH  
TRADE MARK for a  
Pain-Relieving  
Medicine, first made by the registered name  
"Salapin."

All "Salapin" is  
1 oz. tablets  
3 oz. tablets

Sole Makers,  
T. Kerfoot & Co.,  
Pharmacies,  
Birdcage Walk, London.

"Her face so fair, as flesh it seemed not." Spenser

**BANISH WRINKLES.**  
Youthful complexion preserved and restored by

**Denovo**

Packed in dainty Doulton Pots and sent post free for 5s. Full instructions enclosed.

The Thames Chemical Co. Ltd.  
(Dept. S)  
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are used with a lavishness and taste that make the enclosure a place of scented loveliness and peace as long as flowers are willing to bloom. When good sombre-hued flowers are available, they are used for contrast. With china-white flowers, it may be said further, very dark purple flowers, with no blue in the colour, look best. Blue ones are not so good, and any with a magenta cast are fatal. For this reason the phlox garden is all white, not even Le Mahdi, darkest of tall phloxes, nor Dr. Charcot, a deep violet dwarf variety, are admitted. In the parterre beds the lovely white dwarf phloxes Nivalis, Tapis, and Nelsoni, are massed with white dwarf lavender. In the borders are the pick of the tall white phloxes, including Frau Buchner, Fraulein von Lassberg, and the incomparable phlox known as Miss Lingard.

## THE VARIATIONS OF BLACK AND WHITE

Only a few of the pictures possible in the black-and-white garden can be suggested, but the gallery is a varied one. Here, for example, are the June-July Irises (English and Spanish) in such combinations as the dusky Lord Palmerston, Prince Mauritz, and the great bronze Thunderbolt and La Nuit massed with the pure white Queen Wilhelmina and King of the Whites. "Cushion Iris" is excellent for terraces and is used here in white pots. There is plenty of black in some of the delicately tinted oriental poppies to make their grouping with white poppies a joy; and when the white Madonna lilies scent the July air, there are delphiniums of deepest purple beginning to stand with them. There are wonderful dark lupins; there is the purple cone flower, and black petunias and puce coloured auriculas, a parterre flower used most effectively, yes, and even a black-and-white lily, if one admits Brownii with its *tête de nègre* marking. Black pansies and violas are, of course, never absent. In the Sussex garden there must be thousands used to cover every inch of bare earth. Foliage counts enormously in the general result; often, in the border, gleaming touches are given by silver-striped grass and bold vertically striped leaves such as those of Juncus Sabrina, and Funkia Umbellata Argentea. In colour gardens, striped foliage is "busy" and disagreeable. But with white flowers it has a distinct value; until one tries a white garden, one does not realize how many diverse and beautiful grasses and

plants whose charm is their leaves, are at his call.

Parterre and borders are changed from month to month. At one time the former is bedded out with Iris Rosine and dwarf snowball and edged with black auriculas. Later this changes to white verbenas and white and black striped petunias, while in the big border the lovely white foxglove, Mrs. Perry, gives way to standard clumps of Hydrangea Paniculata. Thus it moves between changes, the spaces everywhere are filled with white asters. Peony time, another white carnival; masses of these flowers, snowy and delicious, fill the outer border, wonderfully enhanced by the jet black of the wall. The rest of the garden then is taken up with white snapdragons and that sweet old-fashioned pink, Mrs. Sinkins. Dozens of white flowers may be counted on to keep the garden going until frost; white hollyhocks, the double white meadow-sweet, white sweet-williams, sweet sultans, sweet peas, marguerites, scabiosa, pentstemons, pelargoniums, dahlias, cornflowers, godetias, schizanthus, stocks, larkspurs, chrysanthemums, zinnias, pyrethrums, campanula. Once, and only once, the black-and-white garden gives vent to violent colour. When Tritomas, or "Red-Hot Pokers," make their appearance, the big white border against the bold black wall flames with them. It is truly wonderful.

## WHAT A GARDEN CAN DO

But the charm of white flowers is greatest when viewed apart from gay varieties. Parterres and borders of all white flowers and gardens of white roses are old-time fancies that the garden-lover to-day, looking for restful broad effects, may revive with pleasure. White flowers against a red brick house and wall, with white shell or white pebble paths, or paths of grass, are a Jacobean combination not easy to improve upon. The white garden is constantly enriched by new blossoms as the season expands. It is, perhaps, at its best in late spring and midsummer, but between these perfect moments it may be kept furnished and flowering, with hardy and half-hardy annuals, those gracious understudies to the garden stars.

The house and garden described were designed by Mr. Basil Ionides, a young architect, whose taste and authority are expressed elsewhere in the beautiful gardens of Didlington Hall, Norfolk, in the restoration of romantic Beeleigh Abbey, and in many other places of interest.



# YOUR HAIR PERMANENTLY WAVED

BY

## MARCEL'S

will defy

SHAMPOOING,

TURKISH BATHS,

or

SEA-BATHING.



This is because Marcel's, after many years of careful study, have perfected the method of permanently waving the hair to resist the conditions which in the ordinary way tend to give unsatisfactory results. The straightest hair can be permanently waved. Short hairs are made into smallurls, producing a perfect natural effect. In fact, when waved by Marcel's it is impossible to tell that the hair is not naturally wavy. The hair does not look frizzy, as is so often the case when not properly treated.

## FREE DAILY DEMONSTRATIONS

are given at Marcel's Salons to those ladies who care to call at any time, but if it is not convenient to call there inexpensive devils by which ladies may wave their own hair at home with just the same permanent effect. The Outfits also produce quite natural and soft waves, no matter whether you use the Marcel "Perm" Outfit for £2 10s., Grand "Perm B" Outfit for £3 15s., or the "Grand" Outfit for £5 5s. The only difference lies in increased simplicity of use with increased cost. We shall be delighted to send you additional samples of our outfit and full particulars of the MARCEL'S PERMANENT WAVING OUTFITS FOR HOME USE, on receipt of the coupon at foot duly filled in.

## COUPON.

The Secretary  
**MARCEL'S PERMANENT LTD.**  
351 Oxford Street London, W.

SIR,—Please send me full particulars of the inexpensive MARCEL'S HAIR WAVE for HOME USE, for which I enclose **1d.** stamp.

Name .....  
Address .....  
Vogue, 22, 5/17.

# The Treasure Cot FOR INFANTS

## THE PERFECT NEST FOR BABY.

Cosy—Hygienic—Portable

No hard substances or draughts to mar Baby's comfort. Easily Washable. No parts to Rust. Packs small for travelling. (Weight 9 lbs.)

Supplied with either Net or Canopy Support as desired. Draperies need not be detached when folding Cots.

No. 0. Plain Wood ..... 17 9  
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Cots sent free on 7 days' approval  
Illustrated Catalogue of Cots and Accessories Post Free.

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The "Treasure Cot" and our other specialities for the Nursery are British inventions and British made.

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For GOGGLES  
WIND-SCREENS  
& WINDOWS

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THE ONLY  
SAFETY GLASS



This advertisement which appeared in 1912, is inserted to remind you of a Sunbeam performance that has never been equalled by any car.

"'Twas a famous victory"

## GRAND PRIX RACE

JUNE—1912

(THREE LITRE CLASS)

1st SUNBEAM  
2nd SUNBEAM  
3rd SUNBEAM

DISTANCE ... 956 MILES  
AVERAGE SPEED 65 M.P.H.

COUPE DE RÉGULARITÉ  
WON BY SUNBEAM TEAM

Note THIS WAS A SCRATCH RACE—NOT A HANDICAP.

"Beyond doubt, the greatest feat in the history of motor racing."—  
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## The Salvage of Linen

Remarkable Letters of Three Ladies.

"A Wonderful Hand Laundry—  
Stain Remover." Please supply 5/- of  
Movol for use in our  
Laundry, for we have found it wonderful  
stain remover. (Miss) J. H.



"Stains Removed  
from 1/2 doz. Hand-  
kerchiefs for 1/-."

I used the contents of a shilling tube on 1/2 doz. handkerchiefs most badly marked with iron-mould, and which were useless in the condition they were in. Now quite clear. B. T.

"Great Success in our Linen Room."—We have been using your excellent Movol with great success in our Linen Room. We have all been much surprised by the ease with which the stains both of fruit and wine, and particularly those of iron-mould, have come out.—Yours truly, B. S.

THIS Salvage of Linen can be attempted equally successfully by every one of our readers. There is no risk of injuring the finest fabric—Movol can be used without fear on old lace, etc. Salts of Lemon, etc., are entirely superseded by this entirely British invention, which is manufactured by the well-known firm of W. Edge & Sons, Ltd., Bolton, and sold in 1/- and 6d. tubes by Ironmongers, Chemists, and Stores everywhere. P.S.—Movol quickly removes disinfectant stains from Hospital Linen.



## HEADLINES IN THE FASHION NEWS

(Continued from page 21)

curled into a soft fringe. A slender diamond circlet is used as an ornament.

Almost as popular as the circlets and bandeaux of jewels are the wreaths of leaves, gold, silver, or green, which lend a classic touch to the coiffure. The hair is arranged low on the neck when the wreath is worn; the coiffure is photographed at the upper right on page 20.

### A LOW COIFFURE

A charming low coiffure is photographed at the upper left on the same page; it is not at all difficult to do. The hair is parted in the middle and is divided into three sections,—two side sections and a third part which runs from the back of the ears across the back of the head. This is the part that is done first. It is pinned firmly to the back of the head, after which the softly waved side parts are drawn together at the back, as the sketch at the lower right on that page shows. And then comes the critical point of the coiffure,—the back section is twisted into a figure eight, which runs across the back of the head, and then the side sections are

formed into another figure eight just above it, so close that one can see only after close scrutiny just where one coil leaves off and the other begins. A shell pin mounted with tiny diamonds set in platinum is placed at one side of the coil.

Many smart women have cut their hair this season; but even the woman whose locks are "bobbed" can arrange them in various charming ways. The most popular way of wearing short hair is photographed in the middle at the bottom of page 22. The hair is parted on one side, drawn softly back, and held in place with a barrette of shell and enamel.

For the very young girl who wears her hair short, is the appropriate coiffure at the right on page 22. The hair is drawn back from the forehead and puffed softly about the face, and a narrow band of ribbon outlines the head and ties in a small bow at one side. At the top of the same page is illustrated a quaintly youthful coiffure. The short hair is parted in the middle and curled into tight curls all the way round the head,—the arrangement has all the charm of the long ago.

## THE EVER-SLIPPING SLIMNESS OF A PRINCESS

(Continued from page 19)

I thought that she was about to complain again of growing fat (which would have astonished me, as she seemed very thin). No, it was no longer a question of excessive plumpness. Madame de Saint-Blandin now suffered from a serious stomach trouble, an evident result of excessive abstinence.

"Dear, dear friend," I cried, "why did you not listen when I urged you to practise moderation as well as exactness? But it is no time for reproaches. Expert advice is needed. Courage, perhaps nothing is lost, as yet. Hurry to my friend Dr. Jourdan Le Cointre, an expert in things of this sort. Doubtless his skill will find a remedy for your ills."

A week later, Madame de Saint-Blandin returned flourishing a paper on which I saw written, "raw eggs, mineral water, macaroni without salt or butter."

"Voilà," she cried (for she had recovered her own firm and resolute bearing), "this is what Dr. Jourdan Le Cointre has ordered for me."

"Is that all?" I asked.

"That," she replied, "is to be the foundation of my diet. It appears that sometimes, if I feel so inclined, certain other dishes may do no harm. But you know me; you know what a will I have. What the doctor orders, that I shall do, and I ask nothing more than my raw eggs, macaroni, and mineral water."

I raised my arms to Heaven, "Mon Dieu, dear friend," I cried, "this is what I feared! Excess and still more excess! Will you never understand that a diet is meant only as a general plan to be adapted to the needs of the individual and that every one in the world has his

or her own peculiar temperament? I know yours and I know that with your macaroni and your mineral water, you are going to fade away and perish. Dr. Jourdan Le Cointre could never have advised such folly."

"My dear," she replied, "I love you with all my heart, but you really do not understand the matter at all. Besides I have to get well in six weeks to be ready for the races."

I could not help shrugging my shoulders.

"Yes, I see your scorn," she continued, "you think that I am crazy. Let me tell you that for the last week I have been learning, I have been studying it up in books, and the things we eat without suspecting it, are fearful. Heaven preserve me from eating anything but macaroni and clear water. You smile? Much good that does! Do you know to what danger you expose yourself when you eat pork fed on linseed meal cakes? You don't, do you? Eh, bien, let me tell you that this is the very worst possible kind of pork, at once heavy and tasteless. Pray, at least, insist that the pork they serve you shall be raised on some other sort of feed. Find out what régime was followed in the feeding. It is the same way with veal; veal from a calf too early deprived of milk and fed on grass is most unwholesome, nothing could be worse for you. Do not at any price eat veal from an orphan calf!"

This time I refrained from contradicting Madame de Saint-Blandin. Clearly her ailment was becoming incurable, and I took refuge in vague general statements, such as one makes to those who are hopeless cases.



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“The Best Car in the World”

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14 & 15 CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.  
NEW YORK

PETROGRAD AND BOMBAY

Telegrams:  
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GERRARD 1654 (3 lines)

# OVERHEARD

*Illustrated by F. H. Townsend*

*She.* . . . Well, she simply had to go. You see, after all, munitions come first, and she was so ~~know~~ . . . I was sorry to lose her . . . such a nice girl, too.

*Her Friend.* What did you do?

*She.* Do, my dear? What could I do? I was simply distracted. . . . With soldiers coming, of all people in the world, and you know Simmons is none too strong . . . awfully willing, though, I must say.

*Her Friend.* Did you get anyone?

*She.* My dear girl, I simply couldn't. Leese's tried for me and sent me all they could . . . but they were either too young or too old or "too proud to work" . . . anyway, they were no good. Then Elsie came and showed me how to do it, or I really don't know what would have happened . . . she said "gas."

*Her Friend.* Gas!!!

*She.* Yes, and as Guy said we ought to use it to help get the by-products—whatever they are—for high explosives, we arranged to have gas fires everywhere and a gas water-heater.

*Her Friend.* But I don't see how . . .

*She.* My dear, they make all the difference. Just think of the saving of work!—no coals to carry about, no grates to clean, and always hot baths and fires everywhere . . . quite enough to keep one maid going.

*Her Friend.* But you must have a fire in

the kitchen . . . what do you do with your rubbish?

*She.* That's what I thought at first, but we've got a gas incinerator to burn all the rubbish—the dinkiest little thing!—and cook has a small gas fire in the kitchen, too, because of course we use a gas cooker, and the kitchen must be decently warm.

*Her Friend.* Well, I must say it sounds nice, but awfully expensive.

*She.* It isn't a bit, dear, when you think of the mess and trouble with coal—and coal at a penny a lump! Bathing the children used to be a perfect nuisance—cook wanted the draught in when nurse wanted it out—they were always squabbling—and now, you see, the gas water-heater is just as easy to use as a cooker.

*Her Friend.* But what has all this to do with the housemaid?

*She.* Everything in the world. You see, these gas things took an awful lot of work off

our hands—and now I've only two servants instead of three.

*Her Friend.* Two—and a gas bill. Your gas bill must be terrific!

*She.* Well, it isn't if you watch the meter. Of course, it is bigger, but nothing like what you'd think . . . I save one girl's wages and her keep and there's no coal bill, and—oh, my dear, we're a heap more comfortable!



"Then Elsie came and showed me how to do it, or I really don't know what would have happened . . . she said 'gas.'"

# OVERHEARD

*Illustrated by F. H. Townsend*

*She.* . . . Well, she simply had to go. You see, after all, munitions come first, and she was so ~~keen~~. I was sorry to lose her . . . such a nice girl, too.

*Her Friend.* What did you do?

*She.* Do, my dear? What could I do? I was simply distracted. . . . With soldiers coming, of all people in the world, and you know Simmons is none too strong . . . awfully willing, though, I must say.

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